TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

AMERICA'S HOME AND FARM NEWSPAPER

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T. H. NEWBERRY, MICH. SENATOR, GIVES UP SEAT

Solon Who Had Stormy Time in Being Seated Resigned Position to Avoid "Persecution."

Senator Truman H. Newberry of Michigan, whose right to a place in the senate has been a subject of bitter controversy, has submitted his resignation with a request that it become effective immediately. In a letter to Governor Groesbeck, of Michigan, Newberry said he had been impelled to retire voluntarily because of the desire of his Republican colleague, Senator Townsend, in the election of Nov. 7. The turn of events, he said, would make it "futile" for him to attempt to continue his public service since he continually would be hampered by partisan political persecution.

Willing to Retire.

Reviewing the outstanding features of the controversy which grew out of his election four years ago over Henry Ford, his Democratic opponent, Senator Newberry declared his right to a seat in the senate had been "finally confirmed." He added that, in the future, there seemed to be opportunity for public service he would not hesitate to offer him- to his state and country.

The resignation brings to an end a fight which already has made political history and which, it appeared, would have been resumed. Convicted in Michigan of a conspiracy to violate election laws, Senator Newberry appealed to the supreme court, which declared unconstitutional the statute under which he was accused. The senate itself, after a long investigation, finally confirmed his title to a seat by a margin of five votes.

A copy of the letter of resignation sent to Governor Groesbeck was delivered to Vice President Coolidge by Walter R. Dorsey, Mr. Newberry's secretary. Mr. Newberry himself is at his home in Detroit.

Enemies Planned Removal.

Confident that as a result of the Nov. 7 election they had gained sufficient strength to give them a clear-cut majority senators who voted last January to deprive Newberry of his seat had planned to bring about another vote on the question early in the next congress and possibly to bring the issue to another vote before March 4.

Some of Newberry's political adherents are known to have been urging him since the election to submit his resignation, and rumors had been current that he was about to do so. Before the senate voted on the resolution declaring him entitled to a seat he was addressed by some of his friends to resign but at that time Newberry said he would not quit under fire. Minority members of the committee which investigated his election while insisting that he was not entitled to his seat, agreed with the majority findings that Ford should not be seated.

Departure of Newberry from the senate, and the swearing in of Senator-elect Bayard, Democrat, to succeed Senator Dupont, Republican of Delaware, will give the Republicans a membership of 58 compared with a Democratic strength of 37 until a successor to Newberry is appointed.

LAUGH-MAKER SMILES WHILE KILLING SELF

Lighted Cigaret Is Embraced by Dead Lips of Man With Funny Ideas.

Lying against the mossy bank of a wooded ravine in the Bronx, a lighted cigaret dangling from his smiling lips, the lifeless body of Arthur Crawford, actor, humorist, "the man of a wealth of funny ideas," was found last week, a bullet wound in the heart. A revolver lay at his side.

The report of the shot, heard by Thomas Lillie, a passerby, attracted him to the ravine. He summoned a policeman and in Crawford's pocket they found a letter, addressed to his son, an instructor in physical education at Columbia university, and a will. The letter contained a key to a safety deposit vault and informed the son he would find $8,000 in the Bank of Montreal.

Born 55 years ago in Montreal, Crawford was graduated at Lincoln college, in Sorel, Quebec, and from the Royal Military college in Kingston, Ont. He began his career in 1892 in the drama, "Dartmouth," and later appeared in other stage productions. He left the stage in 1896 to write paragraphs, jokes and anecdotes for humorous publications.

He was widely known as "A. C." For years he had furnished artists with ideas for many of their best pieces, and behind the artist's name on such drawings, after a plus sign, appeared his initials.

Throws His Phone at Idle Central

Thomas D. Noel of Mt. Holly, Vt., lost his temper when he could not get central on the telephone. He ripped the instrument from the wall of his home, dumped it into his automobile and then drove two miles to the home of the telephone operator and threw the fixtures through the plate glass window in the front door.

In city court he pleaded guilty to the charge of breach of the peace, paid a fine of $25, agreed to repair the damaged door, and promised to treat the telephones with more respect in the future.

Prizes Are Won by Mongrel Nag

Moses, a spirited old war horse with no pedigree, who learned to jump on French battle fields, won the title of the best jumper among 60 crack horses at the National Horse show in New York.

He is a red chestnut and represented the cavalry school at Fort Riley, Kas. In competition Moses handily disposed of at least a dozen blue ribbon title holders. He has served under three flags. He was bred in Ireland and Uncle Sam purchased him from the French during the World war. Major J. A. Barry, who rode him, isn't sure of his age, saying it may be anywhere from 12 to 20.

VETERAN SEES BONUS PASSAGE

Legion Official Finds 69 Favorable Votes in Rebuilt Senate.

A soldiers' bonus bill, acceptable alike to the veteran and to the country, will be enacted into law by the 68th congress, American Legion officials declared in making public tabulations showing overwhelming majorities in both houses in favor of the compensation legislation.

The recent election, says John T. Taylor, vice chairman of the Legion's national legislative committee, was a "stupendous victory" for the ex-soldiers.

"Of the 19 senators up for re-election who voted for adjusted compensation last September, 13 were re-elected. Fifteen of the 18 newly-elected favor the soldiers' measure. The list of anti-compensation senators has been cut from 33 to 24 and includes Williams of Mississippi, Meyers of Montana and Page of Vermont not candidates for re-election and the late Senator Watson of Georgia.

"Only three of the new senators are opposed to the measure. These added to the 24 holdover senators opposed, gives the anti-compensation group a maximum voting strength of 27. The 15 new favorable votes coming to the senate as the result of the elections give the adjusted compensation bill 69 votes, or a clear majority in excess of the two-thirds required to override a presidential veto.

"The new house of representatives is more than 8 to 1 in favor of the bill. Nineteen of 74 opponents were defeated in the election and four were not candidates for re-election."

China Sets Record for Rice Imports

More than 3,600 bags of rice, valued at $13,000,000 in American money, have been imported into China from Rangoon during the current year, say statistics compiled in Shanghai.

This is the largest quantity of foreign rice ever imported by China. Seventy per cent of this total was unloaded at Hongkong and Amoy, whence it was transported into the interior. The remainder came to Shanghai for distribution into North China.

Chinese merchants have ordered several additional lots of rice from Burma and India, which will be sent as soon as arrangements for its transportation have been completed.

Rice prices have been rising in Shanghai, but have been stabilized by the importation of large quantities from Burma, India and Saigon. From Bangkok 300,000 bags have been imported. As there has been a great deal of hoarding of the cereal in the larger cities, Chinese authorities have issued orders threatening punishment to any rice dealers who hoard their supply.

Army Will Carry Christmas Parcels

The usual congestion of mail facilities experienced by the postoffice department at Christmas time will be relieved this year insofar as the war department can make its machinery effective.

Orders issued by Major General Davis, adjutant general of the army, to all commanding officers of corps areas, directed them to hold all motor vehicles "not actually needed for military purposes" for use of postoffice authorities during the holiday season.

As a result several thousand automobile trucks, each capable of carrying two or three tons of mail, will be placed temporarily at the service of postal authorities.

Reserve Act Change Would Aid Farmer

Amendment of the federal reserve act to provide for the rediscounting of agriculture and live stock paper, offered to federal reserve banks for longer periods than six months, the present limit by law on such paper, will be proposed to congress, it was officially declared at the treasury department.

The live stock industry will benefit chiefly by extension of the rediscount limitations, officials said.

America Branded "Nation of Liars"

Methods used by authorities in collecting the federal income tax have made the American people a nation of liars, said President Charles J. Bullock of Harvard university.

Elaborating this statement in an address at the New England tax conference, he said the morale of the people have been lowered through efforts of the federal authorities to collect taxes on a 100 per cent efficiency basis.

LLOYD GEORGE BADLY BEATEN IN BALLOTING

"Absolute Ruin" of Former Premier Seen by Press as His Candidates Get Few Seats.

Supported by a Tory majority of at least 80 in the British house of commons, Premier Andrew Bonar Law has settled down to put his "policy of tranquility" fully into effect.

The feature of the election was the overwhelming defeat of former Premier Lloyd George's candidates.

The new parliament met Monday. The new members were sworn in Monday and Tuesday. There are three women among them.

Returns compiled last week showed the following elected:

Tories, 342; Laborites, 141; Lloyd George Liberals, 59; Asquith Liberals, 51; others, 12.

J. T. Walton Newbold, a Communist, was elected to the new parliament.

It is anticipated that within the next few weeks, the defeated ministers will be elected to commons through pre-arranged retirements. The Laborites will make a strenuous effort to procure the election of Arthur Henderson.

Supporters of Lloyd George will endeavor to obtain the election of Winston Churchill, who was defeated by the Dundee Socialists.

The Daily Express, chief opponent of Lloyd George, in commenting upon the result, said:

"It spells absolute ruin of Lloyd Georgism."

The Daily Express urged the Tories immediately to withdraw all British commitments in the Near East. The paper claimed that Britain under Lloyd George had tried to do too many things abroad and not enough at home.

"The nation has committed itself to reaction for at least five years," said the Chronicle, organ of Lloyd George.

Alphabetic Avenue Planted in London

One of the most remarkable avenues in the world, and the first "alphabetical avenue" in England, has been planted recently by Sir William Geary in his park at Oxon Heath, Hadlow, near Tonbridge, Kent.

It is nearly half a mile long, and the trees—at present only saplings—are planted in alphabetical order. This is how the alphabet of trees is made up: Aspen, beech, catalpa, chestnut, dimorphanthus, elm, fraxinus, gum, hornbeam, idesia, juglans, koelreutia, larch, maple, negundo, oak, plane poplar, quince, rowan, sycamore, tulip tree, umbrella pine, viburnum, willow, xanthroceras, yellow tree, zelcova.

Coxey Is $628 Out in Senate Campaign

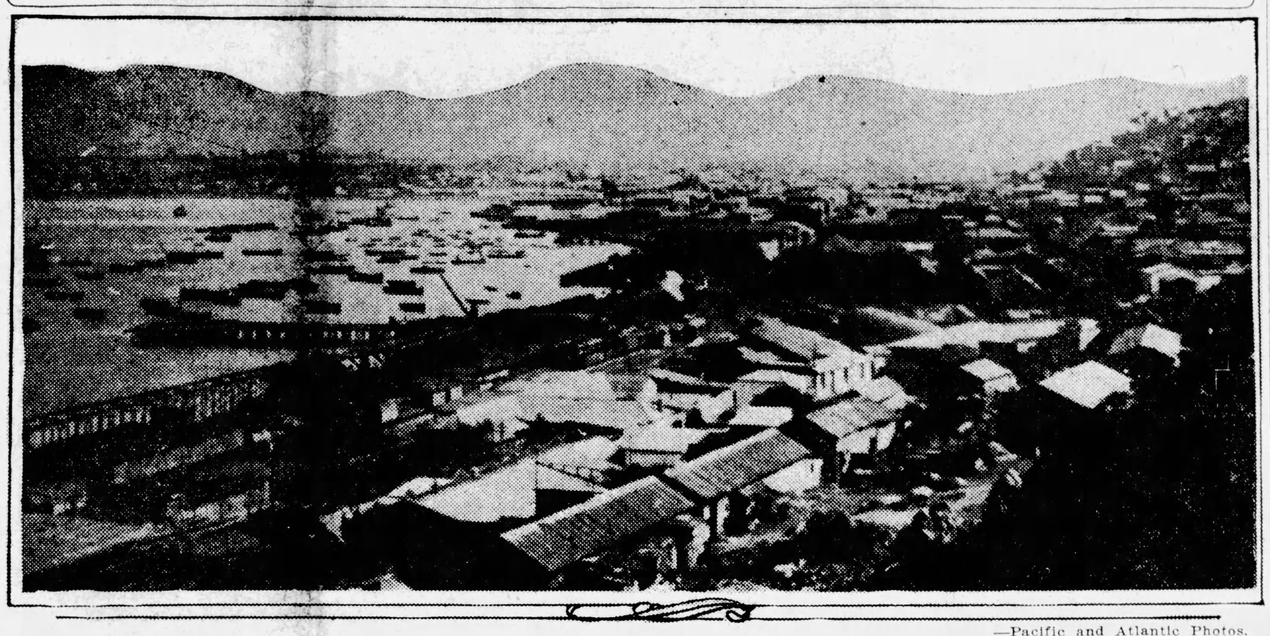
"General" Jacob S. Coxey of Massillon, O., is in the hole $628 as the result of his ill-fated non-partisan candidacy for the United States Senate. His campaign expense statement shows receipts totaling $258 and expenditures totaling $886. Among the contributions to his campaign fund were $50 from George Cox, Ashtabula; $20 from B. and O. railroad workers at Dennison, and $17 from Pennsylvania railroad workers at Dennison. These were augmented by $60 from sale of "Coxey's Own Story." Coxey's biggest expenditure was $471 for printing.

Mexicans Organize Fascisti Movement

Organization of Fascisti wearing the federal tri-color, green, red and white, to combat bolshevism, is reported at Jalapa, state of Vera Cruz, in a despatch from that city to El Universal. An active campaign against bolshevists is planned.

The General Confederation of Labor which has headquarters in Mexico City has taken cognizance of the Fascisti movement by making a special assessment on its members throughout the republic to fight it.

Where Earthquake and Tidal Wave Brought Death and Destruction



—Pacific and Atlantic Photos.

The coast of Chile was rocked by a violent earthquake followed by tidal wave which caused the death of more than 1,000 persons and ruined many villages and boats. The photograph shows the waterfront at Coquimbo, Chile, which suffered most severely from the earthquake and tidal wave which swept over this portion and seven miles northeast.

CORN LEADS U. S. FOOD SUPPLIES

40 Per Cent of Maize Crop Is Fed to Swine on U. S. Farms.

Corn has supplanted wheat as the principal food supply of the United States, a comprehensive review just completed by the department of agriculture shows.

The vital importance of the corn crop and its relation to American prosperity has been made the subject of an intensive study by the department's experts, and the findings put in the 1921 Yearbook, just published, which, in a graphic survey, presents the story of corn in all its details.

Corn is produced by nearly 5,000,000 of the approximately 6,500,000 farms in the United States. Nearly 100,000,000 acres of farm is devoted to the production of this single crop, which, in recent years, has reached more than 3,000,000,000 bushels. The value of the crop during the war reached more than $3,000,000,000, or one-eighth of the present national debt. The 1920 crop, the largest ever produced, had a value of $2,150,000,000; the 1921 croy, $1,303,000,000.

Forty per cent of the total American corn crop is fed to swine on farms, 20 per cent is fed to horses and mules on farms, and 15 per cent is used directly for human food, but 85 per cent is used through the consumption of meat and meat products.

The department's figures and charts on corn production show that the United States produces approximately three-fourths of the corn crop of the world. Less than half of the corn land in the corn belt is allotted to corn in any given season, and more than 50 per cent of the crop land is occupied by small grains and hay.

U. S. Corn Crop Is Less Than in 1921

The corn crop of the United States will be, from present indications, about 200,000,000 bushels less than a year ago and the carry over on farms will be about 100,000,000 bushels less, so that the total available supply of corn will be approximately 300,000,000 bushels or 10 per cent less than last year, according to Statistician C. J. West, state-federal crop reporting service.

MASS IS CONDUCTED IN NEW DEATH HALL

Mass was celebrated for the first time in Sing Sing's new death house recently by Father William E. Cashin, chaplain of the prison.

Father Cashin used a portable altar, which was set up in the prison corridor for the service. He plans a weekly mass for the condemned men henceforth.

THOMAS R. MARSHALL WOULD REPLACE LAWS WITH COMMANDMENTS

Thomas R. Marshall, former vice president, would repeal all laws and enact in their place the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule and rely for their enforcement upon the conscience of the American people, he told the Bankers' club of Detroit in an address last week.

Marshall discussed at length the aims of the federal fact finding commission recently organized for an investigation of the coal industry, declaring the establishment of a permanent peace based on justice was sought by the commission.

Every business question has its public side and Americans can be relied upon, he said, to adjust their business grievances on the principle of "organized self control" and in a manner that governmental interference will be unnecessary.

Labor, he said, should have the right to organize, but no group should be permitted to organize to such an extent that it became more powerful than the public.

Introduced as a former vice president, Marshall reminded the bankers that he once was governor of Indiana, which was "a real office," he said, beside the vice presidency.

He came into the latter office, he said, "as a result of the progressives suing the 'standpatters' for divorce on grounds of non-support."

In serious discussion of politics Marshall said he believed the people at present were indicating dissatisfaction with the leadership of both major parties.

Out of the investigation, Marshall said, there might well come a realization that every business has a patriotic side and that no laborer can regard his business as exclusively private. He suggested that "organized self-control," rather than government procedure, was the objective to be sought in a democracy's relations with its people.

"The coal commission will earnestly strive to evolve, not alone a temporary, but a permanent peace founded upon justice and equality. It will be patient and long-suffering; it will not be suspicious, but upon the other hand, it has enough skilled men in its membership and in its personnel to know what the truth is and it will not hesitate to put in the pillory any man who purposely attempts to deceive it. It has friendship and good will, justice and truth, for its guiding principles but it will no more hesitate to condemn falsehood than it will be glad to recognize the truth and if the American people will aid its labors along this line, they will be of vast assistance in reaching a possible solution of the question; more than that they will unconsciously find that there are many things in their own business that need readjustment along the ideals of the republic."

BISHOP DROPS DISGUISE AND DEFENDS DRYS

Asserts New York Is Sober City After Study of Booze Supply.

An old man in rough clothes, who has spent some time wandering about the streets of New York and Chicago, dropped his disguise and announced his findings on prohibition as it affects the poor. He is Bishop Anton Bast of Copenhagen.

"The only drunks I saw during my wanderings," the bishop said, "were four in a New York subway. On the Bowery, where I wandered on several occasions day and night, I saw no intoxicated men. But everywhere I found men sober, so much so that I believe New York is the most sober metropolis in the world.

"There surely is drinking going on here, but it is on the quiet, and the tales of wild debauchery told us in Denmark are without foundation as far as the great general public is concerned."

Harding Sees Long Prohibition Warfare

President Harding, it was learned last week, has sent a letter to Mrs. Douglas Robinson, sister of the late Theodore Roosevelt and member of the national Republican committee, conceding there has been a shift of public opinion regarding prohibition enforcement. He predicted the prohibition question would not be taken out of politics within this generation.

Receipt of the letter was announced at a meeting of the Republican Neighborhood association. Mrs. Robinson confirmed receipt of the letter, but declined to make its text public.

She explained that she had been attacked by a Republican leader on the national organization's attitude toward prohibition, and wrote of it to the President. His letter was in reply.

Inn, Made Famous by Napoleon, Open

The most famous inn in Germany, "The Three Moors," at Augsburg, has been celebrating an anniversary of its founding 400 years ago.

Napoleon I spent some time in Augsburg with his staff, and the old guest-book of the inn held signatures of Josephine Beauharnais and Marie Louise. Next to them were inscribed the names of Metternich and Talleyrand, and of various princes and ambassadors en route to the congress of Vienna. Other noted guests included Wellington and Sir Walter Scott.

GRANGER RAILS AT SHIP SUBSIDY

Lowell Raps Trend in Bureaucracy, Lauds Dry Vote.

Speaking before delegates from every state in the Union at the 56th annual session of the national grange, patrons of husbandry of grangers, in Wichita, Kan., Master Sherman J. Lowell voiced the stand of the grange on several important legislative measures in many cases unfavorable.

In reviewing them he stressed ship subsidies.

"The most outstanding legislative issue at present is the proposal for a ship subsidy, which is but one form of more government paternalism—taking from one class of people to help another. The only justification for such a proposal would be that it might return to the taxpayers its equivalent in enhanced values of commodities or reduction in cost of production.

"Vision Obscured."

"Those advocating this measure claim that we can ship out our merchandise cheaper, but are silent on the fact that it will open wider our doors to the agricultura of the world and put us at once in keeping with the peasantry just as soon as conditions become stabilized," he declared.

Lowell made a vigorous attack on all forms of paternalism. Liberalism, like Socialism and single tax, was decried.

Another evil at Washington, as seen by Lowell, is the federal department of education. He maintained that the control of all school systems should be in the hands of the people. He declared there is a tendency toward bureaucracy at Washington with an official of some sort for every 60 people in the United States.

"Splendid Victory."

Of the prohibitory law, Lowell said:

"The national grange should speak again in no uncertain language in vigorous support of the splendid prohibition victory so recently gained in this country and pledge all the energies of our organization to protect that victory against the vigorous attacks of its enemies, who cannot seem to understand that the United States has turned a clean, white page in its history which will never be reversed."

Pure Bred Hog Is Leader on Farms

According to a recent tabulation of statistics issued by the department of agriculture, the pure-bred hog leads all other animals on the American farm. The report shows that all breeds, including the pure-bred swine, number 2,049,831 as compared to 1,800,912 pure-bred beef and dairy cattle. There are a half million pure-bred sheep and nearly a quarter of a million pure-bred horses. The total pure-bred live stock of all kinds on American farms number a little less than 5,000,000 head and represent a little over three per cent of all farm stock animals in the country.

Discusses Way to Promote Longevity

Discovery of the tissue building activities of the white blood corpuscles, believed by scientists to point the way to the indefinite prolongation of human life were outlined by Dr. Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller institute, in an address before the National Academy of Sciences.

Dr. Carrel's statements were taken by many prominent scientists in his audience to indicate that the secret of longevity might be found through the discovery of a means of stimulating the activity of these corpuscles. Dr. Carrel described the work of the white blood corpuscles which experiments had shown, he said, protect the body against infection and stimulate also the growth of new tissue and the regeneration of dormant cells.

He told of his experiments with animals, which had indicated that white blood corpuscles stimulate the growth of new tissue "by setting free growth activating substances in the tissues."

HARDING URGES SOLONS TO AID U. S. COMMERCE

Message to Congress Presents Gravity of Situation, Directs Early Relief for Shipping.

Enactment of the administration merchant marine bill was urged upon congress Tuesday by President Harding as necessary to relieve the government of present "staggering losses" in operation of the war-built merchant fleet, and to establish a program of assured shipping to serve the nation in war and give a guaranty of commercial independence in time of peace.

Personally addressing a joint session of the house and senate, the executive declared an actual monetary saving to the government would result from the proposed law. He challenged every insinuation of favored interests and the enriching of the special few at the expense of the public treasury. The legislation, he asserted, automatically guarded against enrichment or perpetual bestowal.

Trading Is Encouraged.

"If success attends, as we hope it will," he added, "the government outlay is returned, the inspiration of opportunity to earn remains, and American transportation by sea is maintained."

The President said concern about the American merchant marine policy was not limited "to our own domain," adding that the "maritime nations of the world were in complete accord with the opposition here to the pending measure." He declared those nations had a perfect right to such an attitude, but that he wished to stress the American viewpoint which he said should be the viewpoint "from which one sees American carriers at sea, the dependence of American commerce, and American vessels for American reliance in the event of war."

Flays Partisan Opposition.

Mr. Harding declared it would be most discouraging if a measure of "such transcending national importance" must have its fate depend on geographical, occupational, professional or partisan objection. A commercial eminence on the seas and ample agencies for the promotion in carrying of American commerce, he asserted, were of no less importance to the people of the Mississippi and the Missouri valley, the great Northwest, and the Rocky mountain states than to the seaboard states and industrial communities inland.

"It is a common cause, with its benefits commonly shared," said he.

If government aid is a fair term to apply to authorizations aggregating $75,000,000 to promote good roads for market highways, the President added, it is equally fit to be applied to the establishment and maintenance of American market highways on the "salted seas."

Must Overcome Losses.

As to present government operation of the shipping board fleet, Mr. Harding said there was the unavoidable task of wiping out a fifty million dollar annual loss and losses aggregating "many hundreds of millions" in wornout, sacrificed or scrapped shipping. He called attention that the government ships were being worn out without any provision for replacement and that a program of surrender and sacrifice and the liquidation which he declared would be inevitable unless the proposed legislation were enacted would cost scores of millions. The cost of the proposed legislation giving direct aid, he said, with ocean carrying maintained at the present average would not reach $20,000,000 a year, and the maximum direct aid if American shipping were so promoted that it carried one-half the nation's deep-sea commerce would not exceed $30,000,000 annually.

DOG SAVES WOMAN ATTACKED BY BULL

A collie dog saved Mrs. Henry Ballinger, 45, Marion, O., from being gored to death by a bull at her home.

Mrs. Ballinger was in the lane near the house when the bull broke through a fence and charged her. She was knocked down and was being trampled when her cries for help brought her daughter and the dog. Snapped several times by the dog, the bull charged it. With the assistance of her daughter, Mrs. Ballinger escaped to the house.

She sustained three broken ribs and cuts and bruises.

KUBELIK WILL BUY APPONYI'S PROPERTY

Jan Kubelik, the violinist, has been authorized by the Czech government to purchase the property in Slovakia owned by Count Albert Apponyi, former Hungarian premier, which is under sequestration.

Kubelik's wife was a Hungarian, and it is thought that the violinist wishes to show his gratitude to Hungary by buying property which for centuries belonged to the Apponyi family, always great protectors of the arts. Thus he would prevent its subdivision.

TRAFFIC OF SHIPS AT HAMBURG GROWS

Of Europe's three largest ports, Hamburg was the only one in 1922 to show a gain over last year in the number of incoming ships during the first seven months.

The other two harbors, Antwerp and Rotterdam, registered an increase in arriving tonnage, although less ships docked than during the same period in 1921.

From Jan. 1 to Aug. 1, 6,059 vessels put in at Hamburg with a tonnage of 7,268,256, an increase of 1,603 ships and 2,509,428 tons. Antwerp had 4,616 arrivals during this period and Rotterdam 4,750.

WORLD-HISTORY IN THE MAKING

WHAT'S the matter with the world? Find out what's the matter with the people in the world and you will have the answer.

When the earth fails to warm the seed into life; when the ploughman ploughs and sows but no longer reaps; when grass fails to respond to the warm rains of Spring; when the birds cease to love and mate and bring forth young of their kind; when the rivers run dry and the rocks crumble into dust; when nature grows deaf to the voice of the seasons and no longer fulfills the promises of God—then something vital will be wrong with the world. Until that time—which no man can say will ever come—the things which we call world ailments must be credited to the people who inhabit the earth. They are to blame for what is wrong.

And if we of the earth cannot find and apply a remedy we are a lot of misfits and unworthy of our heritage.

World Has Not Changed.

We are nearing Christmas. Does it not occur to you that this world, or earth, is about the same in real essentials—in the things that count—as it was when Christ was born? The nations, the people, are torn by strife—the result of passion, avarice and selfishness. Christ found the world beautiful, and it is still beautiful. The real beauty is much the same as it was when He walked by the roadside and through the fields. He loved the country. The miracle of Spring thrilled him. He saw the first blades of grass. He saw the seeds, buried in the earth, resurrected into grain. He saw the beauties of creation as a nature lover sees them. He heard the songs of birds as we hear them. He saw the flocks in the fields and loved them as a true shepherd.

We Forget the Mustard Seeds.

Jesus Christ was a poet, as David was a poet. He saw and felt the wonderful, simple things of life—the natural things. He talked nature's language. We have wandered far from the simplicity of Christ's time on earth. If we marvel at anything it is something material, and our astonishment doesn't last long. Radio is a sensation for a few weeks only.

Christ found a mustard seed wonderful. And it is wonderful because God is behind it. We have forgotten mustard seeds and taken up with monkey glands. We step on the gas because we haven't faith and patience. We burn out our lives trying to get a few million dollars, and when we get a wad—if the profiteering is good and we are lucky—we run about in our burnt-out shells seeking in vain for happiness.

Talk to some people about simple, natural things and they will set you down as a fogy.

Clemenceau Comes to America.

Georges Clemenceau, aged French statesman and war premier, is in this country. Before leaving France he announced that he was coming over here to "create a state of mind." The state of mind he wants to create is one, of course, that will be favorable to France. Before coming he made peace with his old political enemy, Premier Poincare. Though his mission is personal, it has official approval.

Clemenceau, "The Tiger," is one of the world's great men, and intensely interesting. He is old. Perhaps the reader will recall that during the war the old premier went to his physician and asked if he could promise him six months of life. The American soldiers were fighting in France then and there was new hope of winning among the French people. Six months, the premier figured, would end hostilities. He was right.

Following the war Clemenceau went into the jungle and hunted tigers. For three years he has been in obscurity. Now he comes out to help his country.

"Nobody," he says upon arrival, "can ascribe any personal aims to my act in visiting this country. My life is over. But it does seem to me that I can do you some service in letting you know how we Europeans judge the American people."

He Wants Co-Operation.

Clemenceau is going to try to dispel the belief that France is now the great militaristic power of Europe.

He will maintain that close co-operation between the United States, France and Great Britain is the stepping stone to world peace, the cure for the disease that is afflicting the world. He will support the American-Franco-British alliance.

In the early days following the suspension of hostilities he favored such an alliance. He proposed it during the Versailles conference and apparently thought more of it than of the League of Nations. But it was not acceptable to the United States senate at that time and it is not probable it would be acceptable to the American people now.

The American people spoke vociferously on that subject once and, though Mr. Wilson judges from recent election returns that they have changed their minds, there is every reason to believe he is mistaken.

When the people of the world quit hating each other there will be no call for leagues or alliances.

RURAL WELFARE

EDITED BY A. P. SANDLES

TAX TOLL TALE— Tax Spending Increase.

They are sure. ...cation. Those ...es are usually ...dishonest and ...

...one made a talk ...d no large city ...g bulk of popula... was farmers and ...er is supposed to ... He is not when ...ding. He is too ...body else run his ... He pays the fid...

...tion to the fact that ...which we were talk... the increase in ...ery day of last year ...the year before. ...heard us could ...statement, but the ...courthouse, in the ...unty auditor and ...showed the same ...

...dress in a county ...quarter million ...ase in taxes in ...taxes collected in ... This big jump ...year amounts to ...ease over the year ...

...people what they got ...money collected by the ... What did you buy ...to get the money? Land ... Taxes more. Crops ...ries raised. ...ets and roads were ...cost more and ...ected to take care of ...very few folks stop ...and realize how our ...

...taxes each day in ...y is equal to a small ...average citizen. The ...week equals $54,000, ...than $200,000 per ...spender. Let him ...taxpayer to get his ...catch up.

HARVEST THE ICE CROP— Cold Storage for Summer.

...more weeks and ice ...will be here. Young folks ...licking Christmas. Win... at hand. Jack Frost ...knocking at our door. ...pork and sausage are on the ...

...farmers provide them... ...ample supply for hot old ... The day will come ...considered a part of ...program. Why not? Folks ...have it. Farmers ...at less cost.

...ice in the home and ...safety to health and food ...should be discussed at farm ...and woman's clubs. In this ...men will get interested. ...to harvest. Get good ice ...good water, if you live in a cli... ...ice will grow. Get the ...it will stick to you.

THANKSGIVING DAYS— What Will You Do Then?

...too busy on Thanks... ...to stop awhile and think ...blessings you enjoy?

...you have the good sense that ...citizenship in the United States ...is worth more than citi... ...any other country of the ...

...you ponder over the fact that ...and human beings are ...clothed and starved in some ...of the earth and that law ...will protect you and ...

...ask yourself on this holi... ...or not you are doing ...as a citizen to help make ...community and your country ...safer from the lawless ...American?

...are too well off. We have be... ...indifferent about our many ... We are selfish. We have ...to think that we are entitled ...the good things of the world ...having to say "Thanks" to ... We will get a jolt some ...will awaken us.

...to do the job. He has no ...of shirking and turning the ...to some of us smart-set ... We better commence now to ...ways and means to best ...our thanks to Him who gov... ...affairs. We had better take ...action than to cast our lot with ...prize fight managers on ...Day. Do it now.

THE SHERIFF'S SALE— Seldom Makes Folks Happy.

...before us a newspaper ...the county seat of a small ...Its business is mostly farm... ...have been increasing. ...some paper we find 16 farms advertised at sheriff's sale. Sixteen such sales equal an epidemic of sales. For different reasons these farm owners got into debt and could not meet their payments. They found the candle burning at both ends. Taxes up. Yields low. Crop prices down. Poor business methods. These big four causes always give birth to bankruptcy and sheriff sales. How much did the farmer himself contribute to these conditions? Wherein did he neglect his duty as a citizen and as a business man?

How many farmers find themselves fighting to keep the sheriff away? How long will this hard-time last? What remedy is in sight to cure the sheriff sale disease?

The sad part of this tale of sales is that too many farms are for sale. Too many sales and not enough buyers. This makes land prices shrink and the sacrifice of the farm owner greater. Lands are going down—way down. Then the tide will rise again.

SENSE AND NON-SENSE— Politics in Big Chunks.

"Education is better than legislation."

Do you agree with this? Sounds good. We might try it for a change. We cannot make things much worse than they now are in politics and taxation.

"Government should be the people's business and not a grab bag for a few pets."

This sounds mighty good. But all dreams do not come true. Government has been and perhaps always will be used as a grab bag for the few who have the pull and can get up to the trough and pie counter. One party has this disease as badly as the other.

"The high cost of living is preventable. The high cost of government is damnable."

Taxpayers and heads of families will generally agree to this bit of wisdom. Will they help cure both high living costs and high government costs? Will they go to the polls on primary election day, in the forenoon, and vote and know for whom and what they are voting for? It is a waste of time to vote with your eyes shut.

"Tax spending by a vote of the legislature or congress is the 'flapper's notion of the legislature shark and smart Alev."

This hits the nail on the head. The tax spender always says, well this expense is according to law and was so ordered by the legislature or congress. Every time a lawmaking body has a session the people have more taxes and the cost of living and the cost of government goes higher.

"Preventable vice and crime are eating out the heart of the nation. Preventable profiteering is making the masses poor. Appalling poverty faces stupendous wealth. The greatest and richest nation in the world is slipping into a debtor's hell."

This is a sound warning. Lack of law enforcement is as much a crime as the crime act itself. Disrespect for law is the most deadly disease any nation can have. Our debts climb. The job holder and salary parasites refuse to get off the back of the taxpayers. They stick to their job. They multiply.

"Unfair tax methods take one-fifth of the poor man's income and only one-tenth of the rich man's."

The rich are smart. They meet and co-operate. They vote and see that their friends vote. They are smart on primary election day. They can afford to be lazy other days.

These chunks of wisdom or advice, or bunk came to Rural Welfare editor in the form of a political circular before election. A candidate for office gave birth to it. We know the fellow personally. It is hard to tell from his remarks to which party he belongs.

His stuff is worth reading and worth thinking about. He is a student of both people and government. He thinks politics ought to be cured. He thinks both political parties need a thorough laxative and emetic, a physic and an upheaval.

KEELY-CURE SHOPS— Decrease in Number.

"Booze is on the run. It has lost the war, although it won many battles. There used to be 87 Keely-cure hospitals in the United States. Today there are only seven and they are poverty stricken. Prohibition is a blessing. The lawless bootlegger shall not rule this country of ours."

So spoke a lawyer. He is a man of the world. Not much sentiment in him. He just measures things by facts and results. At one time he was voting wet. Today he has no use for booze and its hell-hole, the saloon. Prohibition, according to his view, has won its case in the great court of public opinion.

GOMPERS AND FARMERS— Wet and Dry Hard to Mix.

Samuel Gompers is a Jew. He is the greatest and most powerful labor leader in the world. He has several milion men and women who belong to the organized labor unions.

Gompers wants the American farmer to work with his labor crowd and help to shorten the distance between the producer and the consumer. It is a fine idea and sounds good.

Mr. Gompers should understand that there are at least two great reasons why the farmer will hesitate to enter into such agreement and alliance. First, a farm cannot be operated on an eight-hour system and pay the high wages that union labor demands.

Second, the farmer is dry and Gompers is wet. The farmer crowd as a whole votes against booze and the saloon. The labor crowd is for the saloon and wants liquor to be sold as it used to be.

Gompers would rather not deal with the farmer than to favor dry laws and prohibition. The farmer is right in his position and Gompers is wrong.

A DRUNK DRIVER— Runs Over Human Beings.

Drunken drivers should sober up in jail. The toll of the auto grows at an alarming rate. Half the auto accidents seem to be traced to booze.

We have just had first-hand information of a drunken auto driver who was leaving town for his country home in such condition as not to know what he was doing or to have control over his machine.

He hit a 12-year-old boy who was badly hurt. His chances to recover are very small. The doctors in the hospital give little hope of his life. This drunken farmer has made a hell of his home for his wife. She has wept day after day because of his conduct. She comes from a good family. She was disgraced and chagrined when the sheriff came and arrested her husband for running over this boy.

And yet some human beings will vote wet, will vote for beer, wine and the saloon to come back. This drunken driver ought not to have a wife. He ought to serve time in prison. Those who sold him the whisky ought to serve in jail with him. It is a disgrace to our country to have public officials who hesitate to enforce law and stand for good morals and common decency in life and living.

STEP LADDER TUMBLES— Did You Ever Have a Fall?

Facts and figures about the step-ladder show that it is the cause of more accidents than any other tool or implement on the farm or around the yard and home.

There are different breeds of step-ladders. Which kind causes more falls is hard to tell. At apple picking time, or in gathering any variety of fruit the ladder is useful and dangerous. Some folks prefer to pick from the inside of the tree and use the ladder as little as possible.

We have taken a few tumbles from the old step-ladder, but it was our own fault. We took much risk. The old ladder did its duty. It is a mighty useful implement, and every home ought to have one.

WHAT TO TALK ABOUT— When a Woman Starts Out.

What should a woman talk about when she is away from home? What should she talk about if she gets paid for talking? How many Blade ladies could pick out good talk topics that would fit a public audience of women, or a mixed crowd of men and women? Have you ever thought of this question?

Mrs. and Miss Housewoman what are the things you would like to know more about to make yourself a worthy and well informed citizen of your country? What are the things that you need a little brushing up on? Could you get up before a crowd and talk some downright common sense on any subject?

Many ladies are now making speeches. They are on the public platform. Some of them are just making noise like some men do. Others are really giving a message to the world that is worth while. But they must be wise in choosing and preparing the subjects on which they talk. An empty barrel makes the most noise because it is full of it.

We have just received a letter from a lady who is a speaker on a certain state farm institute force. She can write a good business letter. She has printed letter-heads, furnished by the state. She thinks just as much of her business and of her speeches as any other merchant thinks of his wares, or as much as any lawyer or Chautauqua talker thinks of his speeches.

On the letter-head used by this lady is a list of her talk topics. Our guess is that she has given a lot of time to select each one of these texts which she uses for her public work. They are common sense subjects. They ought to interest both young and old, both men and women.

We give these subjects to Rural Welfare readers. In making up programs these talk topics may help to make some form or club meeting more profitable. We all like to have suggestions before us when we have something to do along this line.

Here they are:

1—When You Paddle Your Own Canoe.
2—Problems of the Housewife.
3—The Canning of Vegetables.
4—Are We Giving the Farm Woman a Square Deal?
5—Some False Standards of Living.
6—How to Keep Young and Happy.
7—Our Choice of Clothing and Its Relation to Income.
8—Mother and the Girls.
9—The Woman Voter.

WHO MAKES THE PROFIT— Here's a Surprise for You.

What do you know about prices of things you buy? How much profit is made and who makes it? Why do some folks get rich and others stay poor? Why can some live in ease and luxury and others work and live in poverty? These questions are hard to answer.

Rural Welfare editor has before him a government report which is an eye-opener. It shows what price is paid in foreign countries for a lot of things we buy. It also shows the exact price the retail merchant in this country sold to the consumer or purchaser. The report shows the cost of shipping the goods over here. The amount of the tariff paid to get the goods into American markets. These articles named have been purchased by government officials and the prices named are matters of record.

For instance, a pair of ladies' kid gloves, 16-buttons, 24 inches, cost in Germany 79½ cents. The charges of shipping, insurance, etc., was 3½ cents. The tariff tax was 37½ cents per pair. The cost to land this pair of gloves in the United States was $1.20½.

The retail price of this pair of gloves is $6.95. This price is 477 per cent above the cost price to land the gloves in the United States. This particular pair of gloves was purchased from a store in Chicago, Ill., June 12, 1922.

Who makes the big profit? De we get a glimpse of how millionaires are made? Heaven for the retailers. Hell for the buyer. Some folks are smart. The rest of us pay the smart folks 477 per cent profit and work hard to get the money to buy with.

A briar pipe that sold for $4.32 in England is sold in our American markets at $25. We will give other articles from time to time and the prices. Swat the road hog, the rent hog and the retail hog. Do it now.

THE RETAIL PRICE— Who Makes the Profit?

American merchants buy table knives in Germany at three cents each. The cost of shipping, insurance and tariff is another cent. Each knife is sold at retail to us at 30 cents. Who makes the big profit?

A flatiron in Germany is sold to our merchants at 59 cents each. It is sold at retail on the American counter at $6.50. Who makes the profit? How long will we stand for this profiteering?

A silk nightgown is sold in Belgium at $3.34. The same garment is shipped to the United States and sold at retail for $60.

Cabbage seed is sold in Denmark at two cents for one-quarter ounce package. Its retail price in our country is 35 cents.

Straw hats are purchased in Italy for 69 cents and sold at retail to American customers at $4.00. This is 270 per cent of the cost to land and put these hats on our store counter.

A lady's embroidered waist is purchased in Austria at 20 cents and sold to our people at $1.35. The total cost to get the waist on our store counter was 40 cents.

These figures are from government reports and are actual figures. This is easy money for the smart-set fellows. How long will we pay these enormous profits?

STUDY IN SCHOOL— Science of Government.

"Let school kids study the story of government in school. Let them learn how taxes are born and collected. Let the kids know how and who spends the public dollar. Let the pupils in school know what the different public officials have to do.

"Let voters know something about the machinery of government and how to get value received for the dollar paid in taxes. More of this kind of stuff and less of Latin and other stuff that does not concern government, taxes or voting. If this is done there will be less tax to pay and more value given to us for our tax receipt."

This was the story told by a man who was mixed up in farming, law and the banking business. He was just handing out a bit of common sense and meant what he said.

We wonder how many Blade readers will agree with this man's doctrine? How many Blade readers have ever read the constitution of their own state? How many have read the constitution of the United States?

There is no law against reading it. It will be more valuable to us than the reading of a lot of scandal stuff now published in many of our daily newspapers. Try it. Do it now.

FARM LOAN BANKS— See Farm Prices Shrinking.

The big farm loan companies are playing safe. The federal land bank officers see that land values are going lower and doing so rapidly.

Some of the loan companies, other than the land banks, may have a lot of sheriff sales on their hands. Farm prices are going down to low water mark.

The land banks have played safe. They did not get excited when farm values went soaring too high. Most of the loans made by the land bank of Louisville, Ky., of which Rural Welfare editor is a director, did not loan over $50 an acre. So far every loan has proven safe. The storm may make the waves run high, but sea level is always the same.

Our readers should not be surprised if loan companies refuse to loan as much money on an acre of farm land as they used to loan. The watchword, right now, is work and save. Give loafing and spending a rest. Try it now.

OHIO HITS BOOZE— The Dead Wagon Load.

Ohio has hit beer and booze again. This time the wet forces massed their strength and played their last card to win the Buckeye state for booze and beer.

Straw votes taken before the election indicated that the wets would win, two to one. The straw vote also indicated that the women were also voting for a beer and wine amendment, which, if adopted, would have put Ohio in the position of seceeding from the Union.

When the farm folks cast their ballots the wets went into the discard. When the family women marked their tickets the beer and wine crowd got the flag and were shut out of the race.

A lot of jellyfish candidates kept their eye on the straw vote and either came out for the wet side or tried to duck and dodge the issue. This was fatal to their cause. They were cast aside for those who dared to stand for common decency and law enforcement.

The voters picked a Democratic governor and a Republican United States senator. Both are good men with clean records. They were both supported by the dry voters of their state. Folks have learned how to scratch their ticket and pick the candidates at top, bottom and middle of the ticket. This is fatal to the machine boss of politics. The old days have gone and better days have come.

DYNAMITE FOR THE JAM

The International Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 26 Is "Jesus the Great Missionary"— Luke 8.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS

LUMBERMEN use dynamite to break up a desperate jam of logs in the Spring drive. Is not that figure appropriate for the congestion of forces and events that today halts the smooth progress of civilization? Whichever way we look things are "jammed." Where is the power to break open a way?

At once we remember the origin of the word "dynamite." It is Greek, and is the very word used by Jesus in His farewell promise to His friends, "Ye shall receive power," or "Dunamin." Christians should be dynamite! What is more, it was in connection with the great missionary commission that Jesus promised the gift of "power" or "dynamite" to His disciples.

When this old world got into a jam in 1914, the workmen to whom the task belonged, called statesmen, tried to pull it loose with documentary red tape; and later attempted to pry it apart with guns. In vain. Super-philosophy, or "Kultur" also failed. Treaties were driven as wedges between the most obstinate logs, but without effect. After the armistice, the conference crowbar was attempted, but it also was futile. All the devices and instruments known to man were tried, one after another, but today the entire structure of civilization is menaced by the flood which has been formed by the backed-up waters behind the jam.

Nothing is now left as a method of deliverance except dynamite, the "dunamin" of the New Testament. If Christianity cannot break this perilous jam, there is no other rescue in sight. That is why it is the most desperatee present business of the Christian church to apply the "power" promised by Christ, to the conditions of our time.

Using the Amplifier.

Frankly, the Christian church is still slumbering, so far as actual participation in the world emergency is concerned. Most ministers and their members are not even aware of the tragic failure of Christianity at the outbreak of the war, during the war and since. If the reader has any doubt about this, let him attend any meeting of clergymen, or any general ecclesiastical assembly. He will find the discussion, conducted in the stereotyped phraseology of a hundred years ago, confined to mere matters of millinery and methods, the shop talk of complacent craftsmen who do not know that the world is afire all about them. The nearest that most religious organizations came to sensing the significance of the World war was to use it as an opportunity for getting more money out of a sensitized public.

No open-minded person can contemplate the condition of crisis in the world, especially with respect to Christianity's possible part therein, without perceiving the humilating fact that the church is today divided and squabbling, to an unwonted degree; and instead of moving toward her task, is taking refuge in institutionalism and in faction and in shibboleths.

All the while the call is for the use of an amplifier, such as was employed at the dedication of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, whereby a hundred thousand persons could hear as one man. The church has the word. Her's is the power. In the message of which she is custodian there is life for the world. And God, who has put all things under His feet, has prepared the world, by the new marvels of science, to receive the good news with celerity and certainty.

As the Man of Science Sees It.

In all the round of discouraging facts concerning Christianity's somnolence in the hour of destiny, none is more alarming than the evidence that so many men are apparently through with the church. They neither attend her services nor show any interest in her program. They have passed her by. The proof of this is found in the empty pews of most houses of worship, and in the public prints and in the casual talk of thoughtful persons.

A recent magazine, the October Century, contained a depressing article by President G. Stanley Hall, theologian and psychologist, upon "The Salvaging of Civilization," wherein he points out the characteristics of present conditions, as revealed by current literature; and some possible remedies. With sadness he dismisses the church as inadequate. He seems to think that dynamite, "power," has gone from her.

This is startling, shocking, amazing. Doubtless it is all needed. Christianity may be vitalized into full and normal functioning by the shafts that are being hurled her way.

As It Was, and Is.

All of us have read, and I myself have seen, the story of lives changed by the power of Christian Gospel. Nothing can separate me from the conviction, born of personal experience and observation, in our great American cities, and in the principal foreign mission fields of the world, that the one agency equal to making over society as a whole is the Truth that I have seen transform individual men and women. As it was in the days of Jesus, so it is in our own time, the Gospel of dynamite, "power," to break up the jam of sin and let loose the beneficent currents of life.

This is as great a reality as any other attested fact of history. It supersedes heredity and environment and education. The Gospel of Jesus Christ possesses power to make life new. It has had the power to blow up old civilizations and systems and methods of life. It has literally transformed the nature of entire nations that have come under its authority. From the over-civilized Roman to the uncivilized man of the jungle, Chrisitanity has made new creatures, saint of God, walking in holiness and beneficence. My friend Dan Crawford from "the center of the center of Africa," writes me of tribes of savages made into joyful Christians, true to the New Testament type. My own memory recalls a long line of such in Japan, Korea, China, India, Turkey, Egypt and Syria. The Gospel works whenever truly tried.

A Kingdom-Teller.

Recently a friend came to me in great concern over certain signs of heterodox preaching. I could only affirm to him that "the truth does not need to be defended, but only proclaimed." As we read of Jesus, in this lesson chapter, touring cities and villages, "preaching and bringing the good things of the Kingdom of God," we perceive that likewise what the truth needs today is simple proclamation. In the homeland, in our Christian pulpits, in the halls of state and in heathen lands, we have but to tell and retell the story that makes over individual men and women, and transforms all their relationships. There is health and wholeness for civilization in a Gospel preached and applied.

One would be less than fair to the application of this missionary chapter to our times did one not recall that part of the missionary work of Jesus was the driving out of devils. Some saccharine saints would draw a veil of charity over the act of the Master. He consigned the evil spirits to the swine, so that all this good pork went to waste in the waters of Galilee. They shut their eyes to His wielding the whip of cords to drive out the corrupters of the temple. His "woe unto you, ye hypocrites" shock their sense of refinement. They profess a faith that would hurt nobody's feelings. The most corrupt and corrupting political crooks will never receive anything but kind words from these good and gentle spirits, who politely allude to the devil as "His Satanic Majesty."

Such sweat and tolerant and spineless folk might be good citizens of heaven; but they are poor missionaries of the righteous Christ on earth. When Jesus walks our world today it is with words of love and enticement for the weary and the penitent; and with biting, lashing words of scorn and condemnation for all who do disservice to mankind and dishonor God.

Wait a Minute

BY HOWARD P. WARWICK

UNCLE HENRY says: "I see by the clotheslines in the neighborhood that Winter isn't here yet."

Life's Discomforts.

Asking your banker for a loan.

It's difficult for a man to remember where the first dollar he ever earned went, but he is absolutely sure where the first dollar he earned after buying a used automobile disappeared.

Town Gossip.

Ezra Perkins is wearing a new overcoat and the neighbor women have something to talk about to carry them over till the next scandal story breaks.

Probably even those who are not superstitious will think the end of the world is coming when a Winter manages to approach without being heralded by talk of a coal shortage.

UNCLE HENRY'S EPISTLES.

To the World.
Dear Everybody:

It has been quite a while since I wrote to you readers the last time, but I've been so busy trying to persuade a coal dealer that Winter is coming and imagination alone won't keep a house at the temperature of 68 degrees that I haven't had time to write.

My wife said she missed my letters, so I thought I better begin to write something, although I don't believe she missed them as much as she misses the new coat she thinks I'm going to buy for her and wants to keep me in good humor.

I think I'll write about gratitude this week for I have just received a sample that will stand publicity. It is from my respected nephew who has not been married long. In fact he wouldn't have been married yet if he had not been backed financially by his relatives, including myself. Having spent considerable money in starting him out I waited and waited for some returns, but as yet they have not been forthcoming, chiefly because other things needing financial outlay more than debts to relatives have taken most of his funds.

Therefore I thought I would write and inform him that his Uncle Henry and aunt would visit him on Thanksgiving. You see I figured on eating a little turkey not paid for by myself, which would make it taste all the better. This is the letter I received from him, so you can see for yourself what chance I stand of gaining anything.

Dear Uncle Henry:

You can be sure that Clara and I were glad to get your letter asking us if it would be convenient to have you the week of Thanksgiving. It certainly will be if it's convenient for you to put up with Clara's cooking. Of course I know Clara is a good cook and all that, but she seems to think she isn't when she begins to worry about cooking for relatives.

Of course Clara and I will have to go to the football game between our local high school teams on the morning of Thanksgiving Day, but I'll give you a good book to read while Aunt May can watch the dinner on the stove. We won't have any turkey, however, as Clara had to buy the baby some new shoes and we can't afford both shoes and turkey.

We were going to Mother's for a turkey dinner until I received your letter. Now that you are coming we'll have to eat chicken at home, but I guess chicken is as good as turkey, although Clara doesn't like it very well. Our coal supply is rather low, too, but I guess there's enough in the bin to last until December if we can keep a low fire. I hope you are warm blooded. Then if it's chilly in the house it won't bother you at all.

Now be sure to come, Uncle Henry. We will have a good time even if the house is cold and we can't eat turkey.

Your loving nephew,
ARTHUR.

How's that for a warm invitation?
UNCLE HENRY.

No Excuse Now

For dingy film on teeth

A way has been found to combat film on teeth, and millions of people now use it.

A few years ago, nearly all teeth were coated more or less. Today those dingy coats are inexcusable. You can prove this by a pleasant ten-day test.

Film ruins teeth

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Then it forms the basis of dingy coats which hide the teeth's natural luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it. So, despite all care, tooth troubles have been constantly increasing, and glistening teeth were rare.

New methods now

Dental science has now found two effective film combatants. Their action is to curdle film and then harmlessly remove it. Years of careful tests have amply proved their efficiency.

A new type tooth paste has been created, based on modern research. These two film combatants are embodied in it for daily application. The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Now advised by leading dentists everywhere. Used by careful people of fifty nations. All druggists supply the large tubes.

Dental authorities the world over now endorse this method. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

Other new effects

Pepsodent also multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize acids which cause tooth decay.

Old-time tooth pastes, based on soap and chalk, had just opposite effects.

It polishes the teeth, so film adheres less easily.

Thus Pepsodent does, in five great ways, what never before was so successfully done.

Used the world over

Now careful people of fifty nations are using Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. You can see the results in lustrous teeth wherever you look today. To millions of people it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

In one week you will realize that this method means new beauty, new protection for the teeth. Cut out the coupon now.

1020

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 500, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family.

Blackheaded Pimples Quit With S. S. S.

Why? Pimple-Poison Goes When Red-Blood-Cells Increase! S. S. S. Builds These Red-Blood Cells.

You can be sure of this, nature has no substitute for red-blood-cells. Pimple-poison can't live in the red rivers of your blood as long as there are enough rich red-blood-cells in it. More red-blood-cells! That is what you need when you see pimples staring at you in the mirror. Blackheaded pimples are worse! Eczema is worse yet! You can try everything under the sun,—you'll find only one answer, more cell-power in your blood! The tremendous results produced by an increase in red-blood-cells is one of the A. B. C.'s of medical science. Red-cells mean clear-pure rich blood. They mean clear, ruddy, lovable complexions. They mean nerve power, because all your nerves are fed by your blood. They mean freedom forever from pimples, from the blackhead pest, from boils, from eczema and skin eruptions, from rheumatism impurities, from that tired, exhausted, run-down feeling. Red-blood-cells are the most important thing in the world to each of us. S. S. S. will build them for you. S. S. S. has been known since 1826, as one of the greatest blood-builders, blood-cleansers and system strengtheners ever produced. S. S. S. is sold at all drug stores in two sizes. The larger size bottle is the more economical.

The shame of a blemished face!

S.S.S. *makes you feel like yourself again*

Another Big Saw Sale

OTTAWA LOG SAW 2H-P

Mighty bargains if you act before great sale ends. Saws logs, trees, brushes. Get FREE BOOK and Special Offer—Write. OTTAWA MFG. CO., Wood St., Ottawa, Kas., Pittsburgh, Pa.

2132-K

PE-RU-NA

"Fine for COLDS, GRIP and FLU"

The opinion of Mr. J. O. Sexton, R. F. D. No. 2, Grassy Creek, North Carolina. He says: "I have used Pe-ru-na for the last two years and received great benefit. It is fine for colds, grip and flu. I can recommend Pe-ru-na most highly."

Just a few doses of Pe-ru-na soon after exposure or first manifestation of trouble will usually break a cold or dissipate a persistent cough.

Two generations have known Pe-ru-na in its astonishing ministration to catarrhal diseases.

TABLETS OR LIQUID SOLD EVERYWHERE

CUT YOUR OWN HAIR

EASIER THAN SHAVING

Price to introduce only $1.00

YOU do not need any experience or practice to use the DUPLEX AUTOMATIC HAIR CUTTER. It comes to you ready for instant use, and five minutes after you receive it you can have your hair cut better than it was ever cut before.

The DUPLEX will cut as closely or trim as long as you wish it to be. No clippers or shears are needed with the DUPLEX; it finishes the work completely. It cuts front hair long and the back hair short. Trims around the ears, etc.

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ACT TODAY! Fill in and mail us the Free Coupon NOW. Delays are sometimes costly. Try this great revitalizer at our expense. It has done wonders for thousands of others—now let it do the same for you. If Nuga-Tone wasn't such a good medicine we could not afford to let you try it 20 days absolutely free of cost. Use the coupon now before it slips your mind. **Nuga-Tone is also sold by druggists and is absolutely guaranteed to give you entire satisfaction or money refunded—see guarantee on each package.**

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

D. R. Locke's (Nasby's) Newspaper

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THURSDAY, NOV. 23, 1922

The election was a hunch to whom it may concern.

Democrats should not be begrudged a little satisfaction in off years.

In spite of turmoil raised against it prohibition is destined to settle down to steady habits.

Linn Beane thinks the time is coming when an effort will be made to have the mother-in-law repealed.

There was a notable absence of thunder in the late campaign, nothing but shifting winds.

When the great American public isn't sure what it wants it votes for something different from what it has.

Can a monkey gland restore thirty years of lost youth without rejuvenating the half-baked ideas of the same youthful period? The question is vital.

There is a bright side to the old truism that it takes two to quarrel. It takes two to kiss and make up.

A pacifist's idea of patriotism: "We should love all nations in such a way that it would be barely possible to love our own more than another." If that doesn't make you sick try a pinch of asafetida.

There being no satisfactory substitute for living, people must pay the price, no matter how high, and carry on.

It isn't true that people are looking for a Moses. What they want is a leader with a raucous voice to vociferate their discontent.

Mary Garden says she prefers mules to men. That is nothing more than publicity chatter. Mary hasn't even a mule.

Members of congress, if they are wide awake may do more thinking of "my country" and less of "my district."

As the years come and go and equal rights expand and overreach, the male animal will come to be regarded primarily as a rack on which to hang a pair of pants.

Authors of detective stories, if they want to write true to life, must quit solving their mysteries.

Honeymoons are happy because housecleaning doesn't come until later in the season.

A funny old codger is Wilhelm the Deuce. He still insists that he is a king.

They want another trial for the young woman who was convicted of manslaughter. Not that she didn't kill the man; if seems the jury lacked appreciation of feminine beauty.

If we had the promise that our dreams were to come true then we would worry for fear the nightmares might also develop into realities.

There is not much left of the idea that profanity makes a he-man. It is losing circulation.

Among underpaid workers there is the preacher. His case is well-known and notable. Christianity might adopt as a slogan—"The fatter the preacher the fuller the pulpit."

We knew a candidate who wore no man's collar because his Adam's apple was too large.

Love is everything. Take a goat for example—it doesn't smell the same to the boy who owns it as it smells to the boy's mother.

The mosquito sings before it bites, but woolen underwear has no heart for song.

Municipalities seem inclined to accept too seriously Artemus Ward's paradox on thrift: "I'm determined to live within my means if I have to borrow money to do it."

If a man gets half of what he earns and one-half of one per cent of what he yearns he is doing pretty well.

A smaller Republican majority in congress may mean that it won't fall over its own feet.

Results are like the issues when the issues are confusing.

After we acquire a thorough and comprehensive understanding of women we shall be in a way to analyze the woman vote.

Much of the food for thought that is offered gratuitously is indigestible.

Some romanticist speaks of the rum-runner "who takes his life in his hand." If that was the only life which the rum-runner took, law and order could show a better record.

"Another coal strike is threatened for the next April 1." But why worry about it before next September?

It discourages children to have their parents talk back to them.

This scene is laid in another state. A family that owned a home and an automobile and earned $27 a week applied to a charity organization for help. They simply had to have gas.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Hohenzollern are evidently having a quiet honeymoon. Anyway, the police haven't been called yet.

Savings accounts of the people of the United States amount to $17,000,000,000, not to mention the matter of $11,000,000,000 owed them by European nations.

Henry Ford is not satisfied with this country's financial system. Henry must have found, somewhere, a few dollars that were nailed down.

The Breeder of Unrest

Back of all the resentment and dissatisfaction with government voiced during the recent campaign was a sullen wrath over taxes.

Not every man knows that it is taxes which aggrieve him. But the things he is aggrieved about, such as the high cost of living, the high rents, the price of transportation, the exaction here and the levy there, have their origin in excessive taxes—a heavier load per individual than the American people have ever before had to bear.

In 1902, national, state and local expenditures were $1,700,000,000. Last year they were $9,373,000,000. The increase was 430 per cent. Aside from national taxes, the state and local taxation rose from $860,902,000 in 1902 to $2,585,000,000 in 1921. National taxes went up 750 per cent. State taxes soared 420 per cent. Local taxes climbed 510 per cent.

In 1912, less than 7 per cent of the national incomes was consumed in taxation. In 1921 it was 17 per cent.

A Massachusetts commission estimates that one days' work out of every five in this country goes to the support of government of one form or another, laying out money for this purpose or that.

All this means that whenever a plowman plows a field—wherever a mason lays one stone upon another—wherever a woman sews a seam—wherever trains move or auto-trucks roll over the pavement, freight is handled or coal shot into basements, a bookkeeper adds up a column of figures or a newsboy sells a paper, a shoe is soled or a clock repaired or a roadside ditch is cleaned out—some part of the labor, an appreciable part, goes to maintain government. Some men fail to come within the view of the tax-collector and other men dodge direct taxes, but no men escape indirect taxes. They pay them with every expenditure they make, however big or small. They escape them no more than they avoid the necessity of breathing. Which means they can avoid them if dead.

The heavy burden of taxes breeds unrest. But it does not do all of it. There is anger with the manner in which the income tax, for example, is collected—the worst instance we have of fussiness and the gift of bureaucracy for making its writings in the semblance of mud. There is a strong suspicion that a great deal of taxes is consumed by the costs of collecting them. There is the everyday evidence that innumerable public servants devote their time to inventing ways of levying taxes, reading their duty as the British parliament did in its attitude toward the American colonies just previous to the Revolution.

Government of every kind, national, state and local, must come to understand that for the next few years it shall have to curb expenditures, reduce wastes, lower taxes as quickly as it can and—in particular—cease to exercise an avid taste for devising additional schemes of raising revenue.

Otherwise, every election will spell a series of repudiations.

Every form of government which ignores the resentment against taxes is doomed to experience a continuous change of officers.

Conquering a Pest

The march of the boll-weevil across the Rio Grande, through Texas and Louisiana, into the states east of the Mississippi, until it reached every spot where cotton is grown in the United States is a record of devastation comparable to the sweep of the Huns out of Asia into Europe. Yet though it seemed for a time that cotton would eventually have to be abandoned as a crop that fear faded away. The destruction of the boll weevil has been reduced to a trifle. It is now believed that with the means at hand for fighting the weevil, worked out by patience, intelligence and prodigious labor, the South next year can produce a crop of cotton fully up to normal. The thanks are due to the ingenuity of science combined with the development of team-work among planters.

A Quest for a Leader

The successes of Democratic candidates for congress have brought attention again to the fact that Democracy is now without a leader. It is in the nature of things then that politicians are suggesting the return of Woodrow Wilson to the captaincy of his party as a logical development of the elections.

Mr. Wilson is the only Democrat who can be said to have a set of definte, clean-cut, coherent policies. Since his retirement his fellow-partisans have groped around for principles and tentatively tested out a score of issues. The Democratic representation in congress today is merely one of opposition to the Republicans, resorting to fault-finding in lieu of backing and working for measures of its own. It is a game that wears out with time and its weakness will be the more apparent when the number of Democrats in congress will be only a few less than the number of Republicans. The need of a leader with policies to present to the country is plain enough.

The quality of Mr. Wilson's leadership is, of course, another matter. His austerity chills the innate impulse of men to give their leader the likeness of worship. He has a distaste for consulting other minds than his own. The memoirs of Lansing and the letters of Lane show that Mr. Wilson can hardly bring himself to asking advice. During the war he issued important state papers and told his cabinet about it after it was entirely too late to make changes. A President can do this sort of thing. It would be an unusual party leader, lacking the powers that office gives him, who could get away with it.

The situation, however, may compel Democracy to turn to Mr. Wilson and formally to accept him as commander-in-chief. A party leader who keeps his followers at arm's length, worries them and angers them, and who yet can produce a very necessary outfit of principles, is better than no leader at all. It seems almost inevitable that very soon the Democrats at Washington will go to Mr. Wilson and ask him, with the becoming meekness of men who who have no constructive minds of their own, to serve as the fount of intelligence.

Better Rural Schools

Educationalists have made the fullest use of their opportunities in the cities. They have found schooling prized there by every element of the population. There they have met with the least opposition of the taxpayers. So in all the cities are fine school buildings, elaborate educational equipment and, very often, a higher scale of salaries for teachers than obtains in colleges and universities.

Rural communities have been far more rigid in their attitude toward the elaboration of educational facilities. Too frequently the school trustee who believes in sticking to readin', writin' and 'rithmetic has had his way. There can be no question that the little red schoolhouse in many a place has remained the little red schoolhouse it was three generations ago simply because of local resistance to change.

A speaker before the annual meeting of the County Life Association expressed the fear the other day that by reason of shortcomings in education, we shall see the development here of a peasant class, corresponding to that in Europe, which will be bound to the soil by bonds of ignorance.

Such a development, if it comes, is far off. At the same time the necessity is clear for providing the country districts with means of education comparing more favorably with those in the cities. Here is a task for the educationalists worthy of their metal. They have had easy-going in the congested centers of population. Let them see what they can do where it is far harder to make converts to their cause and harder still to obtain the money for their purpose.

The Fascisti Show the Way

Premier Poincaire announces that in December, when a conference is to be held in Brussels, France will propose a program of economic reconstruction affecting all of Europe.

A program has already been outlined, and no copyright claims have been set up for it. The authorship is obscure, but it has the support of a body of men numbering close to a million, the same being the Fascisti of Italy. The policy calls for hard work on the part of all classes. It demands sacrifice. It requires the endurance of discomfort. A salient feature is national and individual self-discipline.

That program carried through for two years would do for Europe everything that is needful. After that, the nations could afford the luxury of a little bickering, a small amount of their beloved crises, maybe a month or two of making insulting faces at folks across the borders. For it is marvelous what healthy, vigorous work will do even when nature withholds her rains or her sunshine from the crops.

The unhappy part of the situation is that most of Europe is operated just now by men of an entirely different school than this new one represented by the Fascisti. They have the ancient faith in the power of noisy words. They go upon the principle that it they intrigue enough, maneuver a neighbor into the wrong sufficiently, exercise the finer arts of double-crossing with dexterity, the woes of their particular nations will be straightened out as by a miracle. The tenets of the Fascisti can no more appeal to them than returning to private life.

The French program may command the favor of the Brussels conference. No one knows. But whatever it proves to be, assuming that it isn't a copy, it will be but a small and pitiful article in comparsion with the one that the Italians are courageously taking up. How better could any nation, fallen upon evil times, make itself over than by hard work, sacrifice, grim endurance and discipline?

William T. Ellis, usually optimistic, writes almost hopelessly of the world situation. He finds that "so far as yet revealed there is not a great leader on earth." But isn't it true that the crisis brings out the man to handle it? Bankruptcy in statesmanship is a sad thing to contemplate.

As Winter comes we shall again approach Europeans by the stomach route. We are the league of nations.

Now and then one hears of a criminal whose tendency toward crime is attributed to a bump on the head received in youth. The thing to marvel at is that we never hear of an outstanding moral trait being credited to a jolt received in the days of adolescence. Rather strange that there are no good as well as evil bumps.

"A boy baby was born in a Ford in Atlantic City the other day." More free advertising.

EUROPEAN TRAVELERS USE AIR ROUTES TO HURRY FROM ONE PLACE TO ANOTHER

(Carpenter's World Travels, Copyright 1922, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER

AS I motored toward Paris last night I saw two moons high in the sky. This has nothing to do with the absence of the prohibition amendment in France. I do not drink and my eyes are as clear as my head. The first moon was far above the second. Its light was shady, and the woman in it was plainly to be seen. The second moon was equally large, only nearer the earth. It was a great blazing ball of fire that shone for a moment and then disappeared only to return in its full brilliancy later. As it flashed back and forth my chauffeur explained that it was the great signal light that notifies the passenger-planes coming in to the Le Bourget flying field from London, Warsaw and Amsterdam just where to land.

Since then I have visited the field, watched the airplanes come in and go out, and examined the huge birds which remind one of the roc of Sinbad the Sailor, as they carry their human freight for thousands of miles over Europe. I have talked with the officials of the various airplane companies, have chatted with the pilots and mechanics, and have gone through the great airdromes which encircle this mightiest flying field of the world. I have also visited the government department of aeronautics, and had a chat with Mr. Laurent Eynac, who is the head of the bureau that has to do with aerial transport, about the wonderful work that France is accomplishing in its commercial conquest of the skies.

Laurent Eynac stands at the head of commercial aviation in France, and this means much, for France is far in advance of any other country in Europe in its aeronautic development. Mr. Eynac not only centralizes the technical information of the country, but he distributes the subsidies granted by the French parliament to the various operating companies. Moreover he is a man of practical experience. He was famous as an aviator during the war, was formerly director of the French petroleum and gasoline supply services, and has been a member of the chamber of deputies.

"The progress of France along all lines of aviation is exceedingly rapid," said Mr. Eynac. "We instituted our commercial aviation service in 1918, just after the war, when we established our first line from Paris to Brussels, to insure a postal air service between the capitals of France and Belgium. At the same time we put in a similar service between Paris and Nantes, to save time for our couriers who sailed from there to America. All this was done by the ministry of war. Later on this bureau was established with the idea of developing the art and pushing to the utmost the commercial navigation of the air. We have two services which deal with airplane construction and operation. One is devoted to suprevising the building of airplanes and motors, to increasing their efficiency, and to extending the industry in every possible way. The other has to do with research work in aviation, motor construction, the study of the air as regards flying through it, and to all matters of transportation and armament. It would take many words to explain the several branches."

Miles Through Skies.

"How much have you accomplished as to actual flying?" I asked.

"We have three international lines in daily operation," was the reply, "and a number of others in rapid course of construction. We are now flying daily from Paris to London, from Paris to Amsterdam via Brussels and Rotterdam, and from Paris to Warsaw, via Strassburg on the Rhine and Prague, the capital of Czecho-slovaka. It takes only nine hours by plane from here to Warsaw, while the distance by rail is farther than from New York to Chicago. This includes stops for landing passengers and freight at Strassburg and Prague. We fly from Paris to Amsterdam in a little over four hours with stops at Brussels and Rotterdam. The trip from London to Paris by the ordinary mail route, including the stormy voyage across the English Channel, takes nine hours. It covers almost 300 miles. The voyage by air is made in less than one-third of that time. The actual schedule is two hours and 15 minutes, so that one can leave Paris in the middle of the morning or afternoon, and have his luncheon or dinner at his hotel in London at the same time he would have eaten it had he stayed here. There are now seven planes that leave Paris for London every week day and five planes upon Sunday. The same is the case from London to Paris. On the lines to Amsterdam and Warsaw there is only one flight each way per day.

Service to Constantinople.

"How about your service between Paris and Constantinople?"

"That is in the way of rapid organization," said Mr. Eynac. "It will be an extension of the line from Paris to Warsaw, the Constantinople planes going from Prague southward to Budapest and thence on through the Balkans to Bucharest and Constantinople. We have already connected with Budapest and are making flights to that city. We should have the service to Consctantinople in actual operation by the time your letter is published. The mail route from Paris to Constantinople is just about 1,900 miles, but in these days since the war one can never besure as to how long it will take to get a letter by railway from one place to the other. By airplane it is sure to go through in a day and a half at the most.

"In addition to this," Mr. Eynac continued, "we have a regular service five times a week between Toulouse in South France and Casablanca in Morocco. That city is well down on the Atlantic coast of West Africa. The planes fly from Toulouse across the foot hills of the Pyrenees to Barcelona, the chief port of Spain. They leave Toulouse at 9 and are in Barcelona at 11:30. They stop there 15 minutes, and then fly on to Alicante and Malaga along the Spanish coast of the Mediterranean Sea. They stay over night at Malaga, but at 6 the next morning are again on their way southward. They cross the Mediterranean near the Strait of Gibraltar and then pass over northern Morocco, reaching Casablanca at 10.

"At present the passengers and freight for this line are carried to Toulouse by express train, but that leg of the trip will eventually be made by plane also. The fare from Toulouse to Casablanca is 780 francs, which at the varying rates of exchange, now amounts to rrom $60 to $80. The rate for freight is about 15 cents a pound. Just now the line is of the greatest importance in carrying mails, as it gives us a close connection with our government work in Morocco.

"The distance from Toulouse to Casablanca by air is perhaps as far as from New York to the Mississippi river, and the cost is about the same as that made by steamer and rail. We shall lengthen the line southward to others of our colonies farther south in Africa. We have an experimental line now running to Dakar in Senegal, and this will be extended on to Kayes in French Equatorial Africa. Eventually we shall have air communication with Togoland, Dahomey, the French Congo, and all of our African possessions, possibly including Madagascar. We are making experiments also as to commercial aviation in Indo-China and in French Guiana. We may even connect the islands of New Caledonia and Tahiti with France by way of Australia and New Zealand."

Flying to Sahara.

"You have no regular line to Algeria as yet?" said I.

"No," replied Mr. Eynac, "but we are flying to Marseilles and Nice and on to the island of Corsica, the birthplace of Napoleon. We have a landing place there outside Ajaccio, and we expect to fly from there on to Tunis. That line will soon be completed and in operation. Another branch will cross the Mediterranean to Algiers. The distance is about 500 miles over the sea and it will probably be two years before this service is established. We shall have flights from Paris to Biskra in the Saraha, and probably a regular service across that great desert to Timbuktu and our other possessions in the French Congo and the southern Sudan. Biskra is the great desert Winter resort of Europe and there should be much tourist travel across the Sahara.

"To show you the importance of our airplane mail service," said Mr. Eynac, "during one month we carry as many as forty or fifty thousand letters from Toulouse to Casablanca, which means a saving of five days for every letter. The weight of the Morocco mail in one month runs up to almost a ton. The amount of mail and freight on all of our lines is rapidly increasing. The French companies alone in 1919 carried about seven tons of merchandise and less than 1,000 pounds of mail. In 1920 the freight had increased 700 per cent and the mail about 800 per cent. Last year we had three times as much freight as we had in 1920, and the mail was more than 18 times that of 1919. All of the freight is, of course, of a high class and the mail is important communications in which speed of delivery is a considerable item."

Prevention of Accidents.

"What precautions are you taking as to the safety of airplane travel?"

"We are doing everything possible in the way of research to discover new methods to make our planes fool-proof and fog-proof. We are careful in the selection of pilots and mechanics and take every precaution to prevent accidents. At present no plane is allowed to go out until examined in the most minute detail by one of the aviation inspectors permanently on duty at every airplane division. This man must have a certificate from the government service of aeronautics as to his efficency, and our examination is rigid. We do not allow pilots to fly unless they have licenses showing their professional knowledge of aviation, their education and experience, and their practical understanding of all airplane machinery. Every pilot undergoes a strict physical examination.

"Moreover, the routes of travel are carefully outlined and every airplane has a wireless radio apparatus by which the pilot keeps the airdromes posted as to where his plane is, just as the conductor does the train dispatcher on a railway. As a result we have very few accidents and you may count on your fingers the pilots and passengers killed in one year. Indeed, considering the number of passengers carried the proportion is so small that one is, I venture, much safer in the air than on the ground."

Question of Profits.

"Will the day come when your air lines will pay commercially?"

"Yes, but I cannot prophesy as to the date. At present they are largely subsidized by the government. The budget for this year provided about $12,000,000 and the largest item in it appropriated $7,000,000 for works, airdromes, technical laboratories and meteorolocial services. Something like $3,000,000 was set aside for subsidies for the French aerial companies. We shall have to continue to subsidize our air industries for some years to come, but we believe it will pay in the development of our commerce and in the national defense of the republic."

This matter of national defense referred to by Minister Eynac, is the milk in the cocoanut of the vast amounts of money which France, England and other countries are spending on commercial aviation. Airships and airplanes are bound to be one of the necessities of the wars of the future. Just before leaving Washington I had a talk Major Hickam, who, under General Mitchell, has charge of our army air service. He says that the wars of the future will be fought in the air, and that every nation should have a large aviation industrial plant which it can turn over to military uses in time of war. The life of an airplane is short, and the war planes deteriorate rapidly if they lie idle. In war, a plane lasts only from six to 12 weeks. Even in commercial work a motor will run for 200 hours at the most. The flight from Paris to Warsaw takes about half a day. On that line a motor is worn out in 10 round trips and a new one must be installed. As a motor is worth $12,000 this makes it cost about $600 per trip. Other parts of the airplane are less perishable, but all soon wear out, although it may be better when the machines are made entirely of steel.

Might Give Planes to Japan.

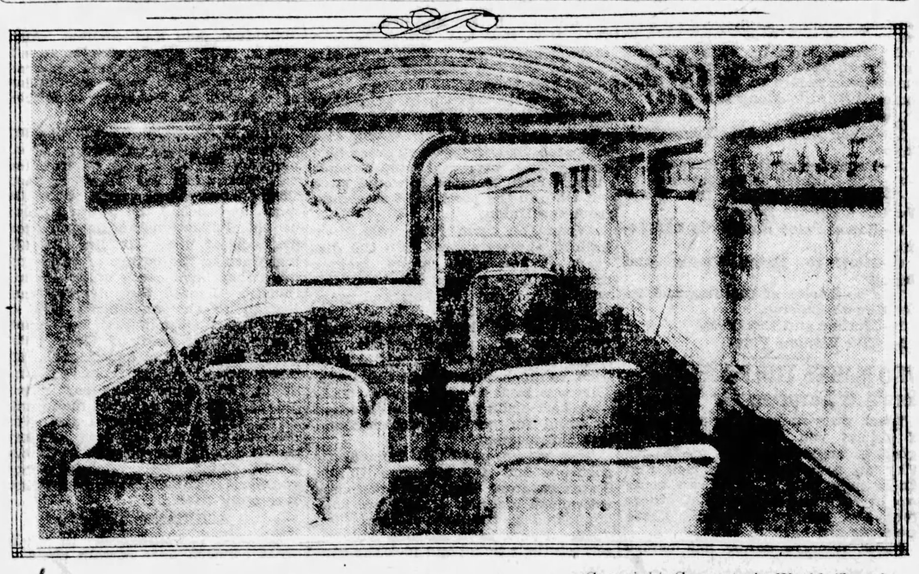
It takes time to build up an airplane industry, and in case of sudden war the country that has no industrial aviation establishment will be at a great disadvantage. For this reason France is doing all she can to develop airplane factories, and is now manufacturing airplanes for other countries at little more than cost, especially for the South American republics. Major Hickman says it would pay us to make planes at a loss or for nothing for export to Japan, and that if we could supply the Japanese with all their planes, military and otherwise, our profit in case of war would be enormous. As a result Japan would have a splendid aviation armament when the war broke out, but in the course of two or three months its airplanes would be at our mercy, for our commercial plants could be easily turned to making military planes in time of war.

In the meantime commercial flying has been put on a sound and permanent basis in this part of the world. Our people seem to consider it an experiment, a plaything, and more or less of a joke. Here it is an established industry which is rapidly growing. The European thinks little more of flying to London, Brussels or Warsaw than he does of taking the train.

Le Bourget, where I spent a day, is the greatest flying field in Europe, and perhaps in the world. It covers several hundred acres, surrounded by airdromes with planes coming in and going out almost continually. There are airplane offices and depots. In the latter are bulletin boards giving the hours of arrival and departure, and showing at all times just where any plane is. There is a regular customs and passport service for the passengers, and inside a glass case is what looks like a weather map upon which are great round pins with arrows attached. These show where the planes are on the aerial routes and also the winds and fogs of each locality. Another map registers the height of the clouds by means of slides which pull up and down, giving an accurate hourly survey of the upper air between Paris and London.

Paris has airplane aviation time tables, just like the railway guides of the States, containing the arrivals and departures of the planes on each line, the places of landing, and also the fares. One of these comes out every month. It is called "L'Indicateur Aerien." It costs half a franc, which just now is about five cents. For the main lines, such as those from Paris to London, and from Paris to Amsterdam, beautifully illustrated guide books of about the size of our larger monthly magazines are for sale. These describe the routes and tell one all about the cities and country over which he is passing. The illustrations, which are photographs made from the planes, show London, Amsterdam, Brussels and Paris as they look from the sky. Every company has its own folders giving the times and fares and the advantages of its particular route over the others, so that all together the business is becoming as highly organized as that of the railways.

Air Travelers Ride in Comfort



—Copyright Carpenter's World Travels.

AIRPLANE passengers out of Paris for London and Warsaw ride in one of these Pullman air cars in ease. Away from the smoke and grime of railroads, travelers can hurry to their destinations in far less time than it would take by rail and water.

ABE MARTIN

It seems like no president in all history ever surrounded himself with as many fellers that turned out t' be great after they died as Wilson did.

Joe Lark was half shot while walkin' thro' th' woods t'day, bein' mistaken fer a skunk.

JUST FOLKS

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

The Riches of the Past

These are the things you'll laugh at
by and by—
The little cares and worries of the day,
The time the baby wandered far away
And you were sure she'd walked away to die;
You'll tell it over many a happy night,
Describing the excitement and the fright.

"When I was younger," you will proudly say,
"I didn't have a dollar to my name!
Into this town in ragged clothes I came,
As green as is the grass, to fight my way."
And proudly you'll describe to all your meet
Even the patch upon your trousers' seat.

The past is rich with humor and light,
It is a mine of hardships glorified,
Of many a weary day and troubled night
Which chuckling Age recalls with honest pride;
Though it seemed cruel as its price you paid,
You'll tell with joy the first mistake you made.

These are things you'll laugh at by and by—
The burdens and the terrors of today,
For hand in hand goes laughter with the sigh,
And mirth remains when trouble flies away.
Care's but a trouser patch at which we'll smile
And proudly boast of in a little while.

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Rippling Rhymes

BY WALT MASON

If Winter Comes

IF Winter comes, and snow abounds, and there are novelties in sleet, some chaps will utter doleful sounds as they traverse the frozen street. "We didn't lay in wood or coal before the balmy days were past, and now that arctic tempests roll, our beards are frozen hard and fast. We didn't for the cold prepare, we let things slide, as oft they've slid; we've only Palm Beach clothes to wear, as through the drifting snow we skid. We didn't fix the holes and cracks through which the fierce winds enter in, we didn't bank our divers shacks, our spuds are frozen in the bin." If Winter comes the prudent man will cry serenely, where he stands, "Now shriek as loudly as you can, O bitter blasts from arctic lands! My larder's stocked with wholesome slaw, and pies, the kind all men desire, and with my broadax and my saw I whacked up wood to feed the fire." If Winter comes we'll see once more how prudence wins o'er heedless sloth; it keeps the lean wolf from the door, sustains our aunts with chicken broth. If Winter comes the thriftless chap will say our government's a fake; he has no mush to feed his map, the while his neighbor lives on cake.

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HIGH RATES EMPTY HOTELS OF VIENNA

The cost of living in Austria, particularly Vienna, is higher than in any country of Europe except Czecho-Slovakia.

Prices generally have risen with incredible rapidity, until now hotel rates are equal to Paris, while restaurant prices are above those of any city on the continent. The result is an exodus of foreigners. Hotels in which it has been impossible to obtain accommodations during the last 18 months are today 50 percent empty, but their rates still go up. The so-called luxury trade is stagnated and the famous shops of inner city are bare of customers. The Austrian crown is now 73,000 to the dollar.

RETURNING WEALTH SEEN BY P. O. DEPT.

Postal savings deposits Nov. 1 aggregated $134,837,000, says an announcement by the postoffice department which said that there were "signs of returning wealth" noted in operations of the savings service during October.

Withdrawals for October largely were offset by increased deposits, notably in West coast cities, but the balance at the end of the month was given as $538,000 lower than Sept. 30. The department announcement, however, said that withdrawals which have characterized several previous months apparently have been checked.

VARIETIES

The inventor of the friction ... is unknown.

A perfect emerald is the most ... ly of all jewels.

The ancient Egyptians made ... fins of cork.

Systematic exploration of Af... began in 1788.

There are 25,000 pores on a hand of a man.

Bees that swarm in the Sp... make little honey.

Chinese astronomical records back to 2356 B. C.

Portuguese is the language ... 20,000,000 people.

The sea urchin has five pairs ... with a single tooth.

"Quack" doctor originally ... "quake" or ague doctor.

A bird can generally lift one-... more than its own weight.

Cypress trees in North Caro... reach a height of 100 feet.

Pike are said to reach an ag... 250 years by some authorities.

The compound engine was ... vented by Hornblower in 1781.

Grasshoppers are a luxury a... certain Philippine island tribes.

Approximately 2,000,000 births ... cur annually in this country.

In the war of 1812 over ... American privateers were afloat.

Women who pay income taxes ... New York number nearly 150,000.

Flesh of the llama is regarded ... very wholesome in South Americ...

In 1921 there were two divorces ... every five marriages in Oregon.

From the summit of Lookout ... mountain seven states can be seen.

Some of the malaria carrying mo... quitoes themselves die of malaria.

Ninety-eight per cent of Americ... industries employ less than 100 men.

Bronze castings were made by ... Egyptians 2,000 years before Chri...

In a West African village the sig... of a white man fills the infant w... terror.

Kentucky blue grass grows su... cessfully in well fertilized lawns ... Alaska.

The translation of the Bible ... English took three years betwe... 1607-1611.

Scrap rubber, spread on in li... form, is used for road surface ... ing in Ceylon.

Pins were made by hand of me... in the sixteenth century and ... very costly.

The United States patent office ... issued more than 1,200 patents ... making buttons.

The annual flow of the Missis... carried to the sea about 400,000,00... tons of solid water.

The Greek church employs ... rings in the marriage ceremony, ... gold, the other silver.

By the state of the hair it is ... sible to judge the general health ... a person, say some doctors.

The London Stock Exchange, ... 1801 with 500 members, now ha... membership of some 4,000.

Ants, believed to have ... brought from America, are endan... gering the floral beauties of the ... Riviera.

Japanese artists take long wo... shavings, weave them together into ... mat and then paint pictures upo... them.

The American Ornithologists' Union ... organized in 1883, is the largest or... ganization of bird students in the ... world.

The Shoshones, once one of the ... greatest divisions of the North ... American Indian, now number only ... about 18,500.

Florida now asserts it has more ... acres of water adapted to the rais... ing of oysters than any other state ... in the Union.

Forty-six years ago there was only ... one telephone in the world. Today ... there are 14,000,000 instruments in ... the United States alone.

Before the Civil war Virginia was ... the largest tobacco producing state ... but Kentucky took the lead in 1860 ... and has held it ever since.

Entirely to paint the top side of ... big trans-Atlantic liner from water ... line to rail, calls for enough paint to ... cover more than acre of surface.

In Palmyra, Syria, there is a flying ... physician who locates and visits his ... patients among the wandering ... Bedouin tribes by means of an ... plane.

India, with three times the popu... lation of the United States, experi... ences a chronic shortage of indus... labor due to the lack of desire for ... work.

Augusta, Me., one of the four ... state capitals bearing the name of ... women, was named in honor of the ... daughter of General Henry Dea... born.

The Imperial valley, California, ... alone produces cantaloupes enough ... to supply one to each inhabitant of ... the United States, with many mil... lions over.

Expert agriculturists claim that ... southern Australia is capable of pro... ducing enough cotton to supply the ... world's needs twice over, without ... colored labor.

The 5,000 varieties of dahlia now ... on the market have developed since ... the wild single dahlia was introduced ... into Europe from Mexico a little over ... 100 years ago.

There are now 115,000 miles of ... paved or surfaced highways in the ... United States—more than there are ... or ever were in any other country in ... the world.

Princess Yolanda, the eldest ... daughter of the king of Italy, is de... clared to be most accomplished ... horsewoman among all the women of ... European royalty.

Among the latest fashion novel... ties for women are parasol handles ... specially carved in wood and then ... enameled in the shape of portraits ... of pet dogs and birds.

Violet scented seaweed grows in ... the lakes of the Manyishlak penin... sula in the Caspian sea, and the ... pleasant odor therefrom scents the ... air for miles from its sources.

German experimenters are trying ... to increase plant growth by the use ... of waste carbon dioxide from motors ... and furnaces led to the soil as a fer... tilizer through perforated pipes.

In one professional tour under... taken since the close of the war ... Clara Britt, the renowned singer ... traveled 100,000 miles, appeared in ... more than 200 concerts and sang ... nearly 8,000 songs.

To help working women get their ... rights under the workmen's com... pensation act, a compensation ser... vice department has been established ... by the Women's Trade Union League ... of New York.

HOUSEHOLD and CHILDREN

LATEST IN ICE BOXES

BY MARTHA HOLDEN.

IN DIFFERENT parts of the country "better home week" has been celebrated. There may be people who need to be prodded into improving their homes, but it would seem that it should not be necessary for those who could, to keep pace with modern conveniences, beautiful furniture, and improvements within reason financially.

Not every many of us can have everything we want, but nearly everyone gets some enjoyment out of reading about the things he would like to have with the hope, perhaps, that some day her wish may come true.

We read about heroic characters, and foreign lands. We wish to improve thereby spiritually and intellectually, we wish to travel, to see what other people do, and we can read about the latest improvements for the home. Even though we may not be able to afford them we can save our money and take our choice later.

One of the newest and most wonderful achievements along the line of modern home conveniences is mechanical refrigeration.

In a great many instances, heat, cold water and refrigeration are provided by human labor. The wood or coal must be carried in. Kerosene or light is brought in. Water is carried in. Refrigeration, where this is attempted, is accomplished by pans of ice carried into the house, or by hanging perishable foods down the well.

Modern living conditions are approached as we stop bringing in our conveniences by hand and bring them into the house through hollow pipes or over wires. Now heat can come in, via the gas pipe or electric wire. Light, as well as conversation, comes over the wire; water comes through pipes; and it is coming to pass that refrigeration is secured mechanically, through the add of electricity. This cuts down tremendously the amount of human labor required and illustrates the efficiency of the times, to accomplish results possible without the interjection of human effort.

In developing the mechanical refrigerator, engineers made use of the fact that heat, like water, seeks a level. Just as water flows from high to low spot, heat flows from a warm to a cold spot. If a cold room be maintained inside the refrigerator cabinet, heat will flow from the warmer food compartment to the colder spot. It can keep this up until the food compartment is as cold as the cold-making compartment. Then there will be no more refrigeration until the heat is removed from the cold-making compartment and it is, once again, the refrigerator's cold spot.

A mechanical refrigerator consists of a set of coils, placed in what corresponds to the ice compartment in an ordinary ice chest. Outside the insulated walls of the cabinet there is a compressor pump, operated by an electric motor. The coiled pipes in the ice or freezing compartment may be immersed in a tank of brine, which gives stability to the condition of cold, or offers a more positive and definite cold region than the pipes alone would afford.

With an efficient system of this sort it is easy to maintain a temperature of from 16 to 24 degrees above zero in this freezing compartment. This low temperature is taken advantage of and ice for table or other use is frozen here. Convenient trays are fitted into recesses made in the freezing chamber. These are divided into cubical spaces where water is frozen into ice cubes, just the right size for table use. These cubes of ice are just as pure as the water from which they are frozen.

Various desserts can be frozen in these ice trays. Parfaits, mousses, sherbets, unusual frozen dainties, the equal of those served by the finest restaurants can be made right at home, in your own mechanical refrigerator. The hostess who has a mechanical refrigerator with the ice trays included is able to serve unusual dishes, which are impossible to those who do not have this modern equipment.

But the food-keeping characteristics of one of these refrigerators are, perhaps, their most valuable features. The temperature in the food compartments will be kept constantly just a little above freezing—perhaps 38 degrees above zero in the low compartment, beneath the freezing tank, and maybe as high as 44 on the upper shelves where fruit would be kept. This is colder than the temperatures which can be secured with ice, in an ordinary ice box, and the temperature is constant.

The air in the mechanical refrigerator will be dry and crisp, not damp and soggy, as in the ordinary ice chest where the air is cooled by the melting of ice. This dry, crisp air is a big help in keeping foods, for germs have a poor chance to multiply and it requires the development of bacteria in foods to spoil them. It also prevents the development of odors. Onions and milk, cheese and butter, all sorts of ordinarily impossible combinations of edibles can be kept together in a modern electric refrigerator and each article will come out with only its own natural flavor.

Bringing the ice into the house by hand belongs to the other out-of-date methods of providing household conveniences. It is going to be a more and more popular thing, this getting refrigeration over a wire.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

PICTURES INDIAN SUMMER.

This is a stimulating month. It makes people glad to be alive, to work and accomplish. Out of it we draw fresh ideas and imaginations to carry on their ideas. Have you made your Autumn bonfire? Smelled a whiff of hazy blue smoke? Seen a chill glint of sun? And out of all have you found a new enthusiasm for everything?

It's the Indian Summer. The risen sun blazes through the misty air like a conflagration. A yellowish hazy fills the atmosphere. The wind is soft and low. It wafts to us the odor of forest leaves that are wilted on the dripping branches, or drop into the stream. The gorgeous tints are gone as if the autumnal rains had washed them out. Orange, yellow and scarlet all are blanched to one melancholy russet hue. The birds, too, have taken wing and have left their roofless dwellings. I hear only the chit-chat of the little squirrel, the noisy denizen of the hollow tree, the mendicant friar of the large parish, the absolute monopolist of a dozen acorns. Autumn is the time when we may notice the wonderful work of nature.

May I suggest that we write stories about nature and art in our letters to the Household page? Best wishes to all.—Cassie Gray from the hills of W. Va.

WE SEE MIRAGE.

All aboard for Lake Superior, whose cool waters lap the shores of Upper Michigan. Starting at Toledo we sail up past Detroit and through the St. Clair and on into the St. Clair river. Stop a moment now and we will visit Walpole island, lying along the Canadian shore. This is reserved as a home for the Indians of Ontario. The island has many groves and the Indians have paths where they sell souvenirs to tourists. After leaving the St. Clair river we sail 200 miles over the dark blue waters of Lake Huron and enter the St. Mary's river. Just before leaving that river we pass through the famous Soo and then we are soon looking upon the beautiful Lake Superior, whose waters are so transparent that one can see the bottom distinctly to a depth of 25 feet. While gazing down from a canoe one seems to be suspended in mid-air.

Come and see the pictured rocks of gray and red sandstone that lie east of Munising. Perpendicular walls have been worn by the waves into pillared arches. In one place the precipice has been undermined and is standing on a single massive column. Back of these rocks is a regular wilderness of forest and swamps.

Now we will sail across to Isle Royal along the Canadian side. As we near the shore we behold a mirage that fills us with astonishment. Mountains and islands are represented with evergreen trees, precipices and rocky pinnacles, all inverted in the air and hanging high over their originals, and at times two mirages will be seen, one inverted, and directly above it another one right side up.

Isle Royal is an island about 40 miles long and six miles wide. Bold cliffs of castellated rocks present themselves to the surf and defy the storms. Rock harbor in many respects resembles the bay of Naples in Italy and provides a safe shelter for ships during the raging storms that beat upon the shores. Fish abound in the inland lakes and wild birds hovering over the cliffs add interest to the prospect.

Now I must go and I will give my seat to Virginia June Bug. Have I a twin? (August 25).—F. Starr of Michigan.

IN SCRAP BOOK RACE.

I have been absent from the great family circle for a month or more. But letting bygones be bygones, here I am again, as good as new and feeling very much alive.

At this time of the year Mother Nature is very busily engaged making over the earth's green Summer coat into the vari-colored tints of Autumn. I notice that some of the cousins are already lamenting the coming of the snowbound stretches and frozen silence of Winter. But, why cross the bridge before we come to it? Everybody should now be enjoying the harvest of good things with which God has so bountifully supplied us.

Can you imagine anything better than a long hike through the beautiful woodlands in their colored robes and enshrined in their immortal greatness. Who, of all the great family of cousins, does not rejoice in his or her imitation of the squirrel and chipmunk, searching for the brown nuts hidden under the earth's coverlet. Taking all in all, we can easily come to this resolution, "Ain't Nature Grand!"

Speaking of scrap books, Tige of Pa., is going to find herself confronted with a strong competitor. I have started a scrap book of ponderous proportions and grace it not only with the Merry-Go-Round headings but also with "Varieties," "Just Folks" and "Poets' Corner."

While here, I am going to ask the old, old question, "Have I a Twin?" I will be 18 years old Feb. 9, 1923. A loving nephew — Lonesome Charley of Pa.

ASPIRIN

Say "Bayer" and Insist!

Genuine BAYER

Unless you see the "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over twenty-two years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache
Toothache	Lumbago
Earache	Rheumatism
Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proper directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

—Advertisement.

Our Correspondents

Just a Reader from Indiana, please tell us how you ever grew such beautiful roses as late as this? You surely must have a conservatory on your farm. The box of red roses would have been thrilling at any time—but arriving as they did in the middle of November, you cannot imagine how fine the surprise was.

A Merry-Go-Rounder felt quite elated over the race between the Merry-Go-Rounders and the Boys and Girls. Florida Richardson welcomes Bachelor Billy to the Merry-Go-Round corner and hopes he won't get to eating pie and stay away too long. Florida also thinks we should be as careful in selecting our books as we are in choosing our friends.

"Farming has its hard places, so has any vocation," is one of the interesting remarks in a letter from G. E. of the W. Va. Hills. She has discovered the "charm of appreciation" all right, for she says the farm is a good place—she knows of nothing that can beat it and contends that there is contentment there if anywhere.

If Miss Lena Bennet will send her address to us, and if Miss Jey Beckner will send the article which Miss Bennet requested, we will be glad to forward it.

A word to Interested Reader. Pearlie Ann Cunningham is really all right, a jolly good friend of hers hastens to assure her.

Thanksgiving greetings are already pouring in for the cousins. Plenty of turkey, peace and happiness is the sentiment in the order given—but more of that next week.

Has anyone a pattern of the ocean wave quilt? A reader from West Virginia, who is a lover of flowers and still has some blossoms, had a lonesome day and wrote to our page. If the pattern is available, perhaps we can use it in Art in the Home. Otherwise we will be glad to forward it.

Short and Sweet

Pollykins has a good sense of humor. It is always a joy to find that quality in young or old. Pollykins happens to be young and therein lies the fun. She has tried a number of times to make the column—unsuccessfully, but being only 17 she says she has a good many years to bother us, for she won't stop until she gets in.

You have the right spirit, Pollykins, and we wouldn't be surprised if your next letter would land in the Boys' and Girls' column, and in 10 more years we hope you will still be writing and hope you "land" in the Merry-Go-Round column.

Quite popular is the idea that you can get a lesson from everything you read. More than one cousin has vigorously agreed with that opinion since someone mentioned it in a letter.

Green Mountain Girl, you have found your twin—North Carolina Girl. She says she would like to see the state where her twin lives. She agrees wholeheartedly that November is "the month in the whole year" and that the day is the 18th.

Freckles has an unique idea why our paper is the best there is—because it is published but once a week it does not have to get all kinds of murder and scandal stories to fill up space. Freckles says she will cry for a week if she does not get in the paper, and with her "pug nose and cat eyes along with her freckled face," she thinks she would be quite a sight. We take her description with a grain of salt, but we won't take any chances by feeding her letter to old Mr. W. B. We will have to take care of a cousin in such a plight as that.

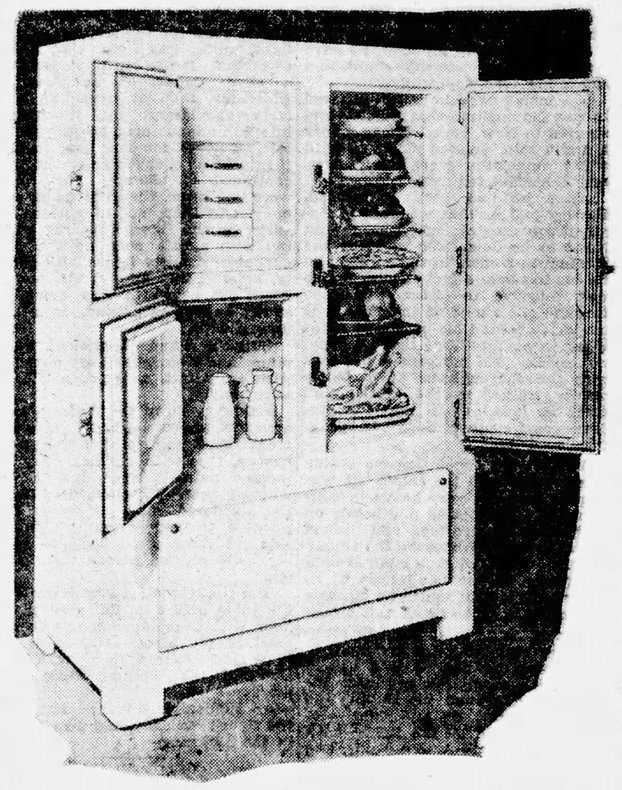
Arthur McIntosh, come again and tell us more about the West. I live close to the Laurel oil field. It is some grand place. — Ernesteen Wright.

Tom Boy of Maryland thinks we should have had Old Man of the Mountains in the Boys' and Girls' column since he asked to be there. If the rest of you cousins feel that way about it, too, we will put him wherever he wants to go next time. Tom Boy lives in the same county as Sunny Jim (Garrett Co.) and can also see the Backbone Mountain range and the Alleghenies, and does not feel that people who live in the same mountains can possibly be strangers.

Star of the East, what part of the state do you live in?

Aunt Martha wishes to thank Listener for the Ambrosia seed and promises to plant it next Spring. It certainly is a pleasant way to prevent the old moths from eating our stored away clothes and has as sweet an odor as romantic lavender.

All Ready for Thanksgiving



BOYS AND GIRLS

The way to fare well is to do well. —Anon.

HIAWATHA REMOVES MASK.

I think I have hidden behind the name of Hiawatha long enough, so I have come to reveal my identity. I feel complimented by the cousins' guesses as to who I was.

Of course all have enjoyed this beautiful Fall weather. It is lovely in Virginia. Steer the Dream Ship this way and spend a day with me.

Pearl, you expressed my sentiments, exactly. Fall is a lovely time of year. Nature calls to us so strongly. Come all, let's join Elf of the Hills and live alone with Nature a while. Oh the joy of it! The Indian Summer days will soon be over with their calmness, the last sweet smile of Autumn. The sun sets with a mellow light through a haze of smoke, giving everything that quiet, sweet restfulness, verging onto sadness. King Winter will soon follow with his breast wrapped in a blanket of snow, so let's rejoice and be glad.

I certainly have been enjoying the letters. We miss the old writers, they don't even write, even though there are so many new and interesting ones.

I don't feel able to enter into your political discussions but I am an interested listener. To my notion the self-made person makes the best leader on account of experience. He understands. If all who run for office were in the right and were as sincere about it as Mick of Michigan seems to be, the Stars and Stripes would float over a better nation. Mick, I hope some day we will clearly understand the right and wrong of the things we cannot quite yet comprehend. Anyway the right is what we want.

Green Mountain Boy, please take my place. Best wishes to all.—Listener.

MOST THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

Although this is my first letter to you, yet I feel well acquainted with most of you as I have been reading your letters for several years.

Some of you have been telling your most thrilling experiences, so I shall relate mine. I have been a member of the Boys' and Girls' Agriculture clubs that have been organized in nearly every state for three years. Our county agent often plans trips for us. On July 14 it was arranged for all the club boys and girls of this county to go to Wooster to attend field day at the experiment station. I went in a large truck with 20 other girls and you can all imagine the fun we had, singing and yelling. All went well until we were nearly half way to Wooster, when we encountered some rough roads and steep hills. Just as we were almost to the top of one long hill, something went wrong with the engine, the brakes failed to work and the truck started to back down the hill. My feelings? I can't describe them nor remember whether we yelled or just sat there waiting.

The driver managed to keep the truck in the road until we were about half way down, when one of the wheels struck a rut, the truck turned and ran up a high bank on the side, stopped and then came crashing down on its side, spilling all of us "poor chilluns" headlong over the side. Such a catastrophe! Now it seems rather funny, but you may be sure, we felt anything but funny at the time. However, we were a very lucky bunch, the most serious hurts being a broken arm, a sprained ankle and a cut forehead. Although at the time we considered ourselves unlucky in not getting to go to Wooster, we realized afterwards that we were lucky not to have been killed or seriously injured.

In the last Blade I noticed where Just Plain Jim said his favorite motto was B2. I agree with him that it is a good one. It is also our club school motto. I try to live up to it in all our school affairs. I am a junior this year and think all who have a chance should attend high school. Have I a twin? September 22?—Ginny of Ohio.

BETTY STUDIES BEAVERS.

Last Summer, we went to see a beavers' dam, and as I think it will interest you I will write about it.

After a ride of about 25 or 30 miles we left the car and followed a narrow path along a game preserve. After going about three miles from the last clearing, we came to a narrow valley with a stream flowing in the center where many trees, both small and large, had been cut down by beavers. Then we came to the level spot where the dam was located. It was about five rods wide and shaped like a half-moon, curving downstream. It was made from short sticks that the beavers had cut from trees. It surely was well worth the trip.

Just a short time ago we heard that the game warden had captured three beavers, one of them weighing 40 pounds.

If this letter escapes the waste basket, I will come again and tell you how the game warden catches bears and about an experience with some of the captured bears.—Betty.

"HONEYMOON BEST MOON!"

O, ye golden harvest moon! As I sat and looked at it, I wondered how many of our cousins were seeing and admiring the same old harvest moon. One of the cousins at least, the same being (Bachelor) Billy, is enjoying his honeymoon more than the harvest moon perhaps. May we offer congratulations, Billy? Is Mrs. Billy a cousin of ours? Being very modest I hesitate to admit the very best pie bakers are Hoosiers but—well we have the bridegroom's word for it.

Where are Keystone Bachelor and A Bachelor of Pa.? Hello. Don't be discouraged, boys, there are more Hoosier pie bakers as I may testify. With love to all the cousins, I remain an old, old friend—Hoosier Girl.

BOBBIE EXPRESSES OPINIONS.

It seems to me it has been years since I wrote to the good old Blade, and in reality, it has not been anywhere near as long.

Sunny Jim, six months is too long for a person to stay away from The Blade, especially anyone as popular as you.

Keystone Bachelor, I think "St. Elmo" and "The Shepherd of the Hills" are fine books. I too believe that not all books are good reading, for instance, the dime novels that are being published by the hundreds. I will admit I used to read all of them I could get hold of, but now, in my small collection of books, I don't have one of them.

I want to say a few words about voting. I know for a fact that some women take voting as a joke. I have heard them say, "I am going to vote just for the fun of it." Let me say, women, don't be too anxious to have equal rights with men. You might get as many hours a day to work if you do.

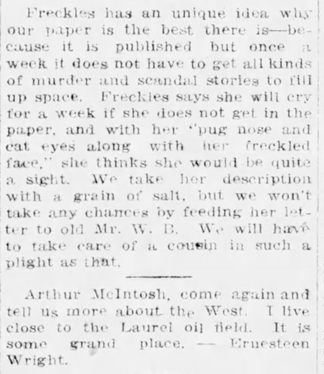
James Smith, I don't agree with you about J. V. I believe he is French, just as he says.

Has Contemplator deserted us? Maybe Hiawatha is Contemplator.

Elf of the Hills, please write again. This time tell us how many elves, dwarfs, brownies and fairies listened to you playing your violin Hallowe'en night. I must leave now, but first, don't you all wish that the Hallowe'en taste got old Mr. W. B.?

We have a small pheasant my ter caught. It is hurt in some way and we are keeping it until it is better and then we will let it go. I will sign another name and see if you know me.—Bobbie.

ART IN THE HOME



Miss Belle Ferguson

Turkey Favors.

It is not a day too soon to plan your favors for the Thanksgiving dinner. Something novel and always a good send-off for the beginning of the annual feast is the stuffed turkey place card.

Cut turkey from paper napkin. Sketch the outline of the turkey on a plain white card.

Paste small pieces of cotton batting smoothly on card. Cover with turkey and cut out from paper napkin. The body should be stuffed the most, of course. The spread tail just enough to be effective, and the feet should be partly covered with narrow scraps of green tissue paper pasted to card to represent grass.

These are inexpensive and easy to make and lend a jolly atmosphere, standing smartly at each place.

Mixing With Martha

Chicken Patties.

Chop the chicken, not to fine, and add same amount of bread, pepper and salt to taste, butter the size of an egg, or according to amount made; cover with milk; make rich crust and bake in patty tins. Fill with chicken just before serving.

Mince Meat.

Two bowls meat, three bowls apples, two bowls raisins, four bowls sugar, one bowl each of suet, molasses and vinegar, some boiled cider or jelly, one-fourth pound citron; fill up the bowl with currants. Add one nutmeg, two tablespoonfuls cloves, one of cinnamon.

English Plum Pudding.

Three cups of sugar, two pounds of raisins, two pounds of currants, one-half pound of citron, one nutmeg, one and one-half pounds of suet chopped fine, eight eggs, one teaspoonful salt, juice and grated rind of two lemons, two quarts of flour, sweet milk enough for stiff batter. Stir well. Boil eight or nine hours. Serve with brandy sauce. Flour a bag. Put in the bag and tie tightly; put bag in hot water and boil.

Fruit Cake.

One pound of butter, one pound of brown sugar, one pound of flour, one cup of molasses, 12 eggs well beaten, one tablespoonful each of ginger and allspice, one-half tablespoonful each of cinnamon and cloves, one-half nutmeg, one-half pound of citron, five pounds of seeded raisins. Bake in a slow oven one and one-half or two hours.

Hickory Nut Macarroons.

Whites of two eggs beaten stiff, one coffee cup of powdered sugar, two cups of hickory nuts chopped very fine. Make in balls the size of a nutmeg. Place on buttered paper and bake until a golden brown.

Butternut or Hickorynut Cake.

Two cups of white sugar, one cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour even, one-half cup of butter, two eggs, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful soda, one pint of meats, chopped. Beat thoroughly and add whites of eggs last. Bake in loaf.

Marble Cake.

Light part: One and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, one-half teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful cream tartar, two cups of flour, whites of four eggs. Dark part: One cup of brown sugar, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup butter, one-half cup sour milk, one-half teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful cream tartar, two cups flour, yolks of four eggs, one-half teaspoon each of cloves, allspice, cinnamon and nutmeg, two-thirds teaspoonful of black pepper.

Snatches From W. B.

Here I come to tell Purple Sage that I am his twin. Any more of the cousins' birthdays on October 21? If so speak up. Purple sage, come again and tell more about yourself. Would like to hear from Farmer Lass also. Aunt Martha bring all the cousins and go nut hunting with—Lonesome Betty.

Hello, how is everybody? I dearly love to read the Household page. I watch for The Blade every week for it is my only companion. Were any of you born August 8, 1906?—Sweetie of Pa.

I have been reading every letter in The Blade and think they are all great. I would like to see another letter from Johnny Funnyman and Arthur McIntosh. Also Ann of Green Gables.—Humpty Dumpty of Wisconsin.

Well I have arrived at last, after a long day's journey. Please may I sit beside Winnie of the Hills? I feel a little timid for this is the first time I have written to the cousins. Why don't more of you write from Iowa? I think it is the best state ever.—Just a Pebble from Iowa.

I suppose most of you are in school. At least I am. I was 18 June 8. Is there anyone in the Household family that age?—Lebza Quisenberry of Kentucky.

My father is a mechanic. He can make anything out of wood that he wants. He has a saw and grist mill. He has a gasoline engine to turn the lathe.—Anne of W. Va.

I have read The Blade for several years and I think it is the dearest paper that ever could be published. I do love to read the letters from so many boys and girls. I like farming and I like to ride horses and help in the hay field. Let's not let Brown Eyes of Indiana get ahead of us in writing to the dear old Blade.—Beautiful Red Rose.

Come on boys and girls of W. Va., don't let the other states get ahead of us.—Rosebud of W. Va.

American Birthdays

Nov. 24, 1849—Frances Hodgson Burnett, author.

Nov. 25, 1837—Andrew Carnegie, iron master.

Nov. 26, 1832—Mary E. Walker, physician.

Nov. 27, 1727—Artemus Ward, general and politician.

Nov. 28, 1810—Seth Wells Cheney, artist.

Nov. 29, 1832—Louisa M. Alcott, author.

Nov. 30, 1835—Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), humorist.

Here's a New One

The labor of stirring milk may be obviated by putting a large clean marble into the pan. The marble will auromatically do the stirring while the liquid cooks, and there will be no burning.

When meat is heated in white sauce, the addition of a little onion juice, chopped peppers or pickles makes it more palatable.

Address all letters written to the Household page to Martha Holden, care Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

POETS' CORNER

Over the Hill From the Poor-House

BY WILL CARLETON.

Over the hill to the poor-house I went, one Winter's day;
I—who was always considered a "bad stick" anyway;
I—who was always gettin' in a large assortment of tricks,
And always sure to be quoted as "the worst of the Deacon's six."

Tom was a steady fellow, and saved up all he got;
But when it came to payin' his debts, he'd always rather not;
And Isaac could quote the Scriptures, an' never forgot nor slipped;
But "Honor thy father and mother" was one of the verses he skipped.

An' as for Susan an' 'Becca, their hearts, as one might say,
Was good—what there was of 'em—which wasn't much, anyway;
And all of our little family was good as you'll often see,
Exceptin' one poor fellow—and that 'ere one was me.

All the rest was steady, an' nice, an' good, an' right;
All the rest was sober—but I was mighty tight;
An' when I "borrowed" two horses, or helped to, just for fun—
If I hadn't been drunk as blazes, it never would have been done.

But when they sent me to prison, the hardest grief I felt
Was when my poor old mother beside me feebly knelt.
And cried and prayed all round me, till I got melted down,
And cried as I wouldn't have cried that day for half the horses in town.

And with my left arm round her—my right hand lifted high—
I swore henceforth to be honest, and sober live and die;
And I went and served my term out, although 'twas a bitter pill;
Which many fellows ought to take who probably never will.

And when I had served my sentence, I thought 'twould answer the best
To take the advice of Greely: "Go West, young man, go West!"
And now I came to prosper there, I never could understand:
But Fortune seemed to like me—she gave me a winning hand!

And year after year I prospered, and kept a-going ahead;
And wrote to a trusty neighbor East, to tell 'em that I was dead;
And died a good straight fellow; for I knew it would please them more
Than if I had lived to a hundred and twelve—the chap that I was before!

But when this trusty neighbor—he wrote a line to me—
"Your mother's in the poor-house, a-pining away," says he;
To keep dead and longer—I knew that it wouldn't be right;
So I'd a private resurrection, and started for her that night.

And when I came in the old town, my first act was to buy
A snug and handsome cottage, which rather seemed to my eye
To look just like the old one; I finished it off the same;
You couldn't have told the difference—if you could, I wasn't to blame.

The same old clock in the corner; the fireplace, wide and high,
Sent up the smoke and cinders, and flung them towards the sky;
From garret down to cellar—'twas all the self-same thing;
'Twas good enough for the President—'twas fine enough for a king!

Then over the hill to the poor-house, one blustering Winter day,
With two fleet nags and a cutter, I swiftly took my way.
The fleetest nags in the country, and both as black as coal—
They very much resembled the pair of horses I stole.

I hitched in front of the poor-house—I opened the poor-house door;
My poor old mother was on her knees, a-scrubbin' the kitchen floor!
I coughed a little, on purpose—she started, in surprise—
Rose up, with a scared expression, an' looked me in the eyes.

I slowly walked up to her, an' all her troubles' trace
I saw in the lines of sorrow that marred her dear old face;
"Mother, O Mother!" I shouted; "your poor-house contract's done;
An' you henceforth are adopted, by your resurrected son!"

She didn't faint nor holloa—but knelt down by my side,
And thanked the Lord for saving me, till I broke down and cried;
But maybe our ride wasn't merry! and maybe we won't get gay;
And maybe I didn't keep her up that blustering Winter day!

And maybe, when we had got home, and entered the cottage door,
She didn't start back kind of sudden—as if she'd seen it before!
And maybe it wasn't pleasant—our cosy evening tea—
With her quite often stoppin', and huggin', and kissin' me;

And maybe we didn't live happy, for quite a number of years!
And I gained the respect of my neighbors—in spite of my brothers'
And spite of my sisters' caution; who said, as I have heard, (sneers)
That they never could own a brother that had been a prison bird!

But I'll bet, when the great bugle rings out its cheerful notes,
And the good Lord Almighty sorts out His sheep and goats,
However my case is settled, if you are there you'll see
That my old Christian mother will stand right up for me.

What Is Ambition?

BY N. P. WILLIS.

What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat!
Angels of light walk not so dazzlingly
The sapphire walls of heaven—The unsearched mine
Hath not such gems, Earth's constellated thrones
Have not such pomps of purple and of gold
It hath no features, in its face is set
A mirror, and the gazor sees his own
It looks a God, but it is like himself;
It hath a mien of empery, and smiles.
Majestly sweet, but how like him.

Follows not with fortune. It is seen
Rarely, or never, in a rich man's hall
It seeks the chamber of the gifted boy,
And lifts his humble window and comes in.
The narrow walls expand and spread away
Into a kingly palace, and the roof
Lifts to the sky and unseen fingers work
The ceiling with rich blazonry, and write
His name in burning letters over all.
And ever as he shuts his wildered eyes
The phantom comes, and lays upon his lids
A spell that murders sleep, and in his ear
Whispers a deathless word, and on his brain
Breathes a fierce thrust no water can allay.
He is henceforth its slave! His days are spent
In chaining down his heart, and watching where
To rise by human weakness; and his nights
Bring him no rest in all their blessed hours.

His kindred are forgotten or estranged.
Unhealthful fires burn constant in his eye—
His lip grows restless, and its smile is curled
Half into scorn—till the bright fiery boy,
That was a dayly blessing but to see,
His spirit was so bird-like and so pure,
Is frozen in the very flush of youth.
Until a cold, care fettered, heartless man!

And what is its reward? At best a name!
Praise—when the ear has grown too dull to hear!
Gold—when the senses it should arouse are dead!
Wreaths—when the hair they cover has grown gray!
Fame—when the heart it should have thrilled is numb,
All things but love—when love is all we want,
And close behind comes death, and ere we know
That e'en these unavailing gifts are ours,
He sends us stripped and naked to the grave.

Where the Hymn Came From Rock of Ages

Rock of ages cleft for me
—Psalm 62:5-8.
Let me hide myself in Thee;
—Ex. 33:22.
Let the water and the blood
—1 John 5:6.
From Thy riven side which flowed
—John 19:34.
Be of sin the double cure,
—2 Kings 2:9, 10.
Cleanse me from its guilt and power,
—Isa. 1:18.
Not the labor of my hands,
—John 5:30 (first clause)
Can fulfill the law's demands
—Matt. 5:17, 18.
Could my zeal no respite know,
—Psalm 69:6 (first clause)
Could my tears forever flow,
—Psalm 6:6.
All for sin could not atone,
—Hebrews 10:5, 6.
Thou must save, and Thou alone,
—Hebrews 10:8-10.
Nothing in my hand I bring,
—Isa. 55:1.
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
—Gal. 6:14.
Naked, come to Thee for dress
—Rom. 13:14 (first clause)
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
—Phil. 4:13.
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
—Psalm 51:7.
Wash me, Savior, or I die.
—John 13:8 (second clause)
While I draw this fleeting breath;
—Psalm 103:15, 16.
When my eyelids close in death,
—Eccl. 12:3, 7.
When I soar to worlds unknown,
—John 14:2, 3.
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
—Matt. 25:31.
Rock of ages cleft for me,
—Cor. 10:4 (third clause)
Let me hide myself in Thee.
—Psalm 17:8.

—(Charles Arthur Jones, in King's Business).

Poems Wanted

The following songs and poems have been requested for publication in the Poets' Corner: The Changed Cross, Poem by Father Ryan. (Weary Hearts God Is Rest, Homeless Hearts God Is Home, Sorrowing Hearts, God Is Your Joy). Charles Guitteau's poem, When the Roses Bloom Again, Careless Loe, The Boys Won't Do to Trust, Away to the Desert to Feed My Sheep, Fond Affection, Whispering Hope, Silver Threads Among the Gold, The Loom of Life, The Factory Chimney.

Also songs and poems containing the following lines have been requested:

Now the battle's over mother how I wish you could be here
'Twould relieve while I am dying if I knew that you were near.
Thousands all around me lying, struggling with the throes of death
Calling for the cooling water, ceasing only with their breath.

The closing scene by Buchanan Reed:

Twice was bowed its sable plume
Regave the sword to rust upon the wall but not the hand that drew.

My old home in the wildwood
I never never can forget
And on the happy days of my childhood
I ponder with fond regret.

When early flowers were casting
Their fragrance on the air
Borne on the southern breezes
Came fearful sounds of war.
Then from each plain and hillside
Whole hosts of freemen came
And rallied 'round our banner
To shield our country's name
Then said my noble brother
With warm and generous heart
I must defend my country
Dear sister we must part.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAIN.

I am so glad, so glad to know
That just beyond the mountains
Lies the land of pure delight—
The land of crystal fountains—
The land of youth, of love sublime;
The land where friends ne'er sever
But walk and talk, yes, on and on,
Forever and forever.

Remember This!

When ironing handkerchiefs, fold each square in half and iron the two thicknesses at once. The edges will be even and the corners true, and much time is saved.

WORKS FOR CHILD MUST KEEP WELL

Mothers in a Like Situation Should Read This Letter from Mrs. Enrico

Chicago, Illinois.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for a serious trouble. I had tried doctors and all said the same—an operation. At first I only felt the pain on my left side, but later I seemed to feel it on both sides. I am a power sewing-machine operator and have a little girl to support. I work in a tailor shop and that line of work has been very slack this year and I am home part of the time. I do not like to take any chances, so I consulted my friends, and one lady said, 'Take Lydia Pinkham's medicine,' so I did. I have felt better right along and am in good enough health to go to work. I recommend your Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash to all."—Mrs. MARY ENRICO, 469 N. Carpenter St., Chicago.

Often the mother is obliged to support her children and good health is necessary. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is just the medicine you can depend upon. It is a medicine for women's ailments and the relief it brought Mrs. Enrico it may bring to you.

OUT OF THE DARKNESS

By Charles J. Dutton

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(Continued From Last Week)

I went to a little tea room on the main street, and had almost finished my meal when someone called my name, and a reporter from the "Record," whom I knew, rose and joined me. He mentioned the Slyke case and said that everyone was waiting for Bartley to "spring something." He complained that that there was little enough information to be gotten about it. All he had been able to do had been to interview the men that had been at Slyke's home the night of his death. One of them told him, however, that three or four times during the evening Slyke had tried to reach someon on the 'phone—just who, he did not know.

I had now barely time to reach the station before Bartley's train pulled in, and I bade him a hurried farewell.

As Bartley and I drove down the main street of Saratoga, he said, "By the way, Pelt, stop at a store and get me five slates."

"For what?" I asked.

He grinned. "Five slates. The kind used years ago in school. I want them all the same size."

"But," I gasped, "what do you want with five slates?"

He threw back his head and laughed. They are usually used to write on, Pelt, but you will find out tonight what I want them for."

I stopped at a little stationery store, and returned in a moment with five slates. As I was getting back into the car, I remembered what the reporter had told me about Slyke's trying to get someone on the telephone, and I repeated his story to Bartley. He said nothing for a moment, then asked me to drive to the telephone exchange. He spent ten minutes in the building; and, when he came out, he seemed well pleased with his visit but did not mention its result.

As we drove along, I told him the boy's story. When I had finished he smiled. "I believe the chauffeur told the boy the truth. He had been drinking, but that is when a man often speaks the truth."

I glanced at him to see if he were in earnest, and he nodded. "Yes, I am serious. Briffeur had broken into Slyke's house. He never spoke of this crime, but he thought a good deal about it. When he got drunk his subconscious mind told the secret that he was trying to hide. I believe that: what Briffeur said was the truth about the robbery."

"But why should he try to rob Slyke?" I asked.

"I am not sure. My theories are beginning to make a more or less connected whole, but there are still some gaps to be bridged."

We were almost on Currie's driveway before I remembered to mention what Black had said about the probability of a verdict of suicide being brought in.

"Then the verdict has not been given yet?" Bartley asked.

I shook my head.

"I can see, Pelt, that suicide seems the only possible verdict to them. But I think we can aid them in forming another."

"Currie heard the car as it stopped before the house and came out to greet Bartley. As Mrs. Currie was in town, we did not change for dinner. During the meal the murder was not mentioned. Bartley went to his room immediately afterward. I sat with Currie for a while, smoking; then I excused myself. I was eager to learn what Bartley had discovered in New York. I found him in his room, stretched out in a big armchair, one leg thrown over its arm, his pipe in his mouth. As I watched him I thought how little one would suppose that he was engaged in solving two mystifying murders. He looked up as I entered, smiled, and went back to his reading.

"How did your trip come off?" I asked.

"Well, Pelt," he drawled, as he placed his long yellow-covered book on the floor, "Arentino certainly knew the criminal life of his day."

His remark had, of course, to do with the book he had been reading, and nothing with my question. Seeing my disappointment, he laughed. "The trip wasn't of much importance. The man did buy the whisky from Slyke. He had bought all that was in the vault, but had only removed one truck load when he was caught. He paid $23,000 for it that afternoon, and left on the seven o'clock train for New York. His alibi is perfect: he knows nothing about the murder. The alibi of the men on the truck also is perfect. They did not reach Saratoga until noon on the day after Slyke's death. They dealt only with one man."

"One man?" I echoed. "Who?"

He watched my face for a moment, then replied simply, "Briffeur."

I had half expected that answer. It made the chauffeur's story that Slyke owed him money seem reasonable. It even hinted that the chauffeur had tried to blackmail Slyke, and made Black's theory that Briffeur had killed Slyke seem not unreasonable.

"The men on the truck," Bartley continued, "did not know Briffeur's name; but their description of the man who unlocked the door of the vault for them fitted Briffeur."

"But—" I ventured.

"But what?" he countered.

"That connects Slyke and Briffeur."

He was silent for a moment, his face grave. Then he said slowly, "Yes, Pelt, it does. If the chauffeur had not been killed himself, he would be suspected of causing Slyke's death. But there is one thing—"

"And what is that?" I asked eagerly.

"Briffeur said someone else was implicated in that robbery. What I want to know is, who was that other man?" He paused, then added, "There is no doubt, Pelt, that Slyke had been selling whisky for some time. Where he got it, and who was in on it with him, we don't know. Maybe tonight we can find out."

Currie's voice called from below that the car was waiting to take us to Slyke's house, and we rose. As I started for the door, Bartley handed me a package and gave me a playful shove.

"Don't drop them," he laughed.

I gave him a disgusted look. "But these are the slates."

"So they are, but they may talk for us tonight."

And with that absurd suggestion in my ears, I went down the stairs to join Currie.

CHAPTER XIII

Out of the Darkness.

I wondered as we drove along the country road what was the reason for our visit. The funeral had been held that afternoon, and it did not seem a suitable time for callers. Currie was as much in the dark as I as to Bartley's reason for choosing this particular time.

Roche and Black were waiting for us on the front steps; and I could tell from their excited manner that they, too, considered this no ordinary visit. Bartley's manner, also, was much like that I had seen him have when he was about to reach the solution of one of his most baffling cases; yet as far as I could see, we were no nearer a solution than on the first day. Even Currie noticed that something was wrong, and I caught him stealing puzzled glances at his friend. Roche and Black, after a few short words of greeting, lapsed into silence.

The butler seemed to expect us, and showed us at once into the large room in which the inquest had been held. Bartley placed his bag and the package of slates on a small table in the center of the room, Roche sat down heavily in a chair, and the rest of us stood until Miss Potter entered. She seemed to be expecting us also, and for the first time, since I had met her, seemed almost at her ease. As she greeted us, the bell rang, and a moment later the butler ushered in Doctor King. He glanced at Bartley, then gave us all a word of greeting.

We seated ourselves around the table with the exception of Bartley, who remained standing at one end. He was a different Bartley from the one who had laughed and joked with us during the past few days. His face was stern, and his tired eyes glanced from one to the other of us soberly. The butler brought a glass of water and placed it on the table.

Bartley waited until he had left the room again before he spoke, his voice low and hesitating:

"I have brought you here tonight at Miss Potter's request. She believes that it is possible to get in touch with the spirits of the dead, and that we may receive a message from Mr. Slyke that will tell us who killed him. She has asked us to be present as witnesses."

Currie looked at me as if he thought that Bartley had gone crazy. I was too surprised to offer an excuse. A glance at Bartley showed that he was in earnest, and I sank back in my chair bewildered. I knew that he did not believe in spiritualism, though he was familiar with the question from all sides and had made a special study of it. I was puzzled as to why he should stoop to this pretense. Doctor King seemed more surprised than any of us; after a startled look at Bartley, he shrugged his shoulders and whispered something to Roche, who in turn shook his head.

"While I was in New York," Bartley continued, "I arranged for a certain medium, who is claimed to have had wonderful results, to meet us here tonight. I did not tell him what we expected, or anything about the circumstances. He will be here in a few moments. Meanwhile I am going to try a little experiment of my own."

He paused, then continued, "You know it is believed by thousands, that messages from the spirit world are written on slates by unseen hands. The test of the genuineness of such messages is the absence of an opportunity for fraud on the part of the medium, and the fact that it is in the handwriting of the person who is believed to be sending them. If these tests are met, we can then assume that the message was not the work of the medium, but comes from outside sources. I have a number of slates here, and am going to try to secure a message on them. I am not sure if I can do it, however."

Currie interrupted to say, "But, John, if the lights are turned out, how are we to know that you did not write those messages yourself?"

Without a smile on his face Bartley replied, "I do not intend to turn out the light. I am going to do what few mediums ever attempt to do; that is, to see if we can secure a message on these slates in full light. There have been so many frauds in slate-writing seances that a test made in the dark has no value."

As he spoke, he tore the wrapping from the package and disclosed a number of ordinary school slates tied together with a string. When he had cut the string and placed the slates on the table before him, he added, "You might claim that these slates already have a message written on them, so I will wash the surface of each with water. If there was any writing on them, it will be wiped out."

With our eyes following every movement, he took a piece of cloth, dipped it into the glass of water, and carefully washed one side of a slate. As he was beginning to wash the other side, he paused and said to Currie, "You may think I have not washed the slate thoroughly enough; suppose, Currie, you take it and wash the other side yourself. Make a good a good job of it."

Currie's eagerness was almost laughable as he took the slate and turned it over and over, examining both surfaces. Then he thoroughly washed it. When he had finished he whispered to me, "There was not a darned thing on that slate."

The same method was employed with the other slates. First, Bartley would call upon one of us to examine the slate and wash off the other side. I was left until the last, and I examined my slate very carefully before I touched it with the cloth. On the side which Bartley had washed little drops of water still clung. The unwashed side was dirty but showed no traces of having been written on.

When I had finished my task, Bartley took one of the slates and said, "You have seen there was no writing of any kind on these slates. I am going to give one to each of you. Miss Potter should place hers under her feet; Currie might sit on his; the rest of you can place them under your coats."

He gave us each a slate, and we did as he suggested. I wondered, as I placed mine under my coat, just what Bartley expected to discover. Somehow the whole thing seemed so absurd. He was so serious about it, however, that I began to believe that he must expect to receive a message of some sort. We sat silent and expectant, I, for one, feeling a little foolish.

Bartley, who had glanced at his watch several times, waited for five minutes to pass before he said, "Suppose, Currie, you look at your slate."

Currie grinned, as if to say he considered it all foolishness, but did as requested. As he glanced at his slate, the smile left his face, his jaw dropped, and his eyes grew big with wonder. He looked at it several seconds as if he could not believe his eyes, then slowly passed it to me. I took it eagerly, glanced at it, and in my turn was startled. There, in a sprawling hand, running across the slate that had been blank a few moments before, was written, "Currie, people who steal whiskey out of a vault at midnight will come to a bad end."

Almost unable to credit my eyes, I stared at the slate. Both sides had been so thoroughly washed that when Currie had taken it they were still wet. How the writing had gotten on the slate, I could not imagine."

I snatched my slate from under my coat. There was something on it, too—the sketch of a revolver—and under it, in a handwriting that was the same as that on Currie's slate, the single word "murder" had been written. Five minutes before the slate had been absolutely blank!

Miss Potter gave a sudden cry. She had risen to her feet with shining eyes. Holding her slate in one trembling hand, she tried to speak, failed, then cried triumphantly, "It's a message—a message—from Mr. Slyke! I knew it would come," and sank back into her chair, adding, as if unable to believe the evidence of her own senses, "It's in his own handwriting, his very own, and he tells me what to do."

Bartley took the slate from her trembling fingers, a curious expression on his face. He placed it on the table, and we crowded round to examine it. This time the entire surface of the slate was covered with writing, in the same sprawling hand that had written on Currie's and mine. The letters were large and looked as if the person who had written the message had been very weak. Too astonished to speak, we bent and read:

"All will be well with me if you aid those who are trying to discover who injured me. For my peace, do this; listen to the medium—" and the message trailed off in a large S.

"It's Mr. Slyke's writing," Miss Potter cried excitedly. "I recognize it. There was nothing on the slate when I placed my feet on it."

Bartley faced her gravely, with something in his manner that gave me the impression that he was not at all surprised at what was happening.

"Then you are absolutely sure it is in his writing?" he asked.

Not trusting herself to speak, she simply nodded.

At that moment the bell rang, and the butler passed through the room on his way to the door. In the second before his return, I saw Doctor King steal a look at his slate, and, from the startled look on his face, I knew that he, too, had received a message. Meeting my eyes, he gave me a faint, wondering smile and shook his head doubtfully.

The man whom the butler ushered in was the medium that Bartley had secured in New York. He was very tall and thin, dressed in black, with white, unhealthy face, shifty eyes, and hair a bit too long.

After he had been introduced, Bartley told us that we were to begin the seance at once. The first thing to be done, was to place the medium in a chair in the corner and tie his hands and feet firmly. Roche was selected to draw the rope through the rungs of the chair, tie his hands behind his back, and place a gag in his mouth so that he could not speak. He performed his task with the thoroughness of a police officer trained in the work; and when he informed us that the medium could neither move nor speak, I believed him.

At Bartley's suggestion we seated ourselves around the table. It was a small one, not very heavy in construction. We placed our hands on its surface as directed, and linked them together by hooking the thumb and little finger of each hand around the finger of the hand next to it. We were told that under no circumstances were we to break this circle.

Bartley spent some time in making sure that we were arranged in the proper manner. I was seated with Currie on my left, my little finger clasped around his thumb and Bartley himself on my right. He rose and turned off the lights, then groped his way back to my side, and a second later his finger closed around mine.

I confess that I felt a bit like a fool as I waited there in the pitch darkness. What we were doing seemed childish; yet, back of it all, there was such a general air of expectancy that I was tense with excitement. The great draperies had been drawn over the windows, and not even a ray of light penetrated the room. Just what it was that we were waiting for, I do not know. Something might or might not take place, the medium had said. We sat in silence for a number of minutes that dragged endlessly. I must confess that to me they were not the most pleasant I had ever spent.

Someone drew a long breath, and I thought the table had started to move. Then a silence followed, so deep that I could not hear even my neighbor breathing. I felt as if I were all alone in the darkness. Only the reassuring touch of the fingers on each side of me drew me back to sanity.

Suddenly, when I was least expecting it, I felt the table under my fingers sway back and forth for a second, then fall back upon the floor with a little bang. Currie breathed hard, as if afraid; and his grasp on my fingers tightened. Then without warning, came a series of ten knocks, faintly, as if someone were knocking at a distant door. I could not tell where they came from. They seemed to be in the air, on the floor, everywhere but on the table. One thing was sure; they did not come from the direction in which the medium sat. Besides, he had been tied too tightly in his chair to have been able to make them.

Silence again, then more raps, quick little running raps, never very loud, that would start and stop a second, then trip away like little feet running to and fro.

"Are you there?" Bartley's voice asked, hesitatingly.

Almost before his words had died away, there came a series of loud raps, almost falling over each other.

Then Bartley's voice again, cool but low, "Can you communicate with us?"

I had expected that the raps would reply at once, but instead there was a long silence. Several times Bartley repeated the question, and still no answer."

Raps answered, tumbling over each other in their eagerness, and the table tipped so violently that I expected it would fall over. It returned to an upright position with a bang, then silence again. A deep moan from the direction of the medium started me, then more moans interspersed with sighs.

A shill, thin voice, ghostly and far away, said brokenly, "Oh—o-oh—I—ff-feel you; I know—you are—there—there—"

A silence, in which I hardly dared to breathe. The table tipped a second time and a deep voice which seemed familiar, though I could not place it, said, "I am here—here, though you do—not see—me. I was murdered by—by—"

What it might have added we never knew. Miss Potter suddenly cried out, not in fear but in joy, "It's Mr. Slyke—his voice—"

Bartley, afraid that she might rise in her excitement and break the circle, whispered to her, and she settled back.

I now recognized the voice as that of Slyke, a little changed, it is true, but enough like it to be easily identified. I was too dazed to think; the raps, the darkness, the voice, and the fear that was creeping into my heart, were almost more than I could bear.

Silence again, broken only by the uneasy moans of the medium. Then, without warning, someone cried in terror, "Look! The stairs, the stairs!"

Almost in front of us was the stairway leading to the tower room. There, upon the top step, was a tiny light, unlike any light that I had ever seen. It was hardly larger than a silver dollar, of an unearthly whiteness; then it began to grow larger and larger, until it changed into a luminous arm floating in the rair. I heard someone gasp in fear, then all was silence again. The light continued to change. Now there were two arms, then the trunk of a body, and then, out of nothing, an entire human figure appeared, glowing with a soft pale light in the darkness. A misty figure with ghostly, shining feet and hands, but no head! It began to float down the stairs, a step at a time, seemingly upon the air.

Currie's hand trembled under mine; and I controlled my own fear with an effort, as I pressed it reassuringly.

Half way down the stairs a head appeared above the body. One moment there was nothing there; the next, a face with burning eyes and tangled hair. I knew instinctively whose it was. It belonged to Slyke, the murdered man. A voice that seemerd to come from the mouth, said, "I have come back to place my hand on the person that killed me."

The figure took a step toward us, the table before us fell over on the floor with a crash, and a voice almost at my elbow cried in terror, "For God's sake, turn on that light. Don't let that damned thing touch me."

As suddenly as it had appeared, the figure vanished, and we were left in the darkness.

CHAPTER XIV

The Murderer Speaks.

Who turned on the lights I do not know. As soon as they flashed on, we looked at each other inquiringly, our eyes filled with fear. Who had cried out in terror and broken the circle? Currie's face was white and he was wiping the sweat from his brow. Miss Potter was exultant, like a person that had received a revelation. The doctor's face was very white and Roche was too frightened even to move; Black was staring blankly at Bartley, the only self-possessed person in the room. With an amused little smile playing around his lips, he released the medium who was still bound and gagged in his chair. His face was pale, and when he was freed, he rubbed his arms and legs vigorously to restore their circulation. After a short whispered word with Bartley, he left the room; and a moment later we heard the front door close behind him.

What was expected of us next? It seemed to me that we had gone through enough for one night. I could find no explanation for what had taken place; I had seen with my own eyes the figure of Slyke, and heard the cry of terror from the lips of the murderer. But whose? It seemed to have all resulted in so little.

Bartley motioned us to sit down again, and took his stand back of the table. He seemed to me to be very weary and his eyes rested on us sadly, as if he were reluctant to proceed further. It was not until we moved restlessly under his intent gaze that he said, "I am not going to make any comment on what we have just seen." He paused for a second, then added impressively, "But I think I ought to tell you that I know who killed both Slyke and Briffeur."

There was a murmur of astonishment. Currie looked at me appealingly, but I knew no more than he. Roche whispered to Black, and they exchanged looks of bewilderment.

Bartley still hesitated, as if he were very reluctant to continue.

"I know that some of you doubt if we can prove that Mr. Slyke was murdered. You say there are no clues, and I admit that I have never seen a case in which there were so few. There is no doubt, however, that he was murdered, though it is difficult to say what the motive was. In the case of Briffeur, it was very simple."

"Simple!" Roche gasped.

"Yes, simple. There was but one reason and one way, and even one person that could have killed him."

This statement was too much for Roche; he shook his head in disbelief.

"Let's consider Mr. Slyke's death for a moment," Bartley continued. "After the party was over, Slyke asked Mr. Lawrence to stay behind and offered to sell him some whisky. They had a drink, then Lawrence went home. But we found three glasses on the table the next morning, showing that someone else beside Lawrence had drunk with Slyke. Let us say this third person killed Slyke. Understand me; I do not believe that, when he came, he had any intention of killing him—that came later. We will assume that Slyke and this third person went up on the balcony, for what reason I can not say, but I am sure that Slyke was the one that suggested going there. No murderer would have selected it, voluntarily, as a place in which to kill his victim."

He paused for a second, then continued, "After Slyke had been killed, the thought occurred to the murderer that it was possible to make his death look like suicide. He undressed the body in the room above the bedroom, and later carried his clothing downstairs, placing it on a chair beside the bed. But he overlooked a stocking that had fallen on the floor behind the door of the room above. Criminals, no matter how shrewd, always make some mistake that betrays them; this person drew the bed clothes up around Slyke's neck. If he had not done that, I doubt if we would ever have suspected that Slyke was murdered. The shot took effect at once. It would have been impossible for him to have drawn the bed clothes up around his own neck, and placed his hands by his side before he died."

The doctor's voice sounded perplexed as he said, "But, Mr. Bartley, this is all rather fine spung theory."

Roche murmured his agreement with the doctor's objection.

"I expected that someone would say that," Bartley smiled. "It is more than an unsupported theory. However, let us proceed. The murderer went down to the living room and brought back with him two cards, which he threw on the floor of the room where the glasses were. If its being suicide was questioned, then the finding of the cards would throw suspicion on the members of the card party."

"He was a pretty cool hand," Black interrupted.

"Yes, he was cool enough. He went down stairs into the room where the dog was—"

"But—" Roche commenced.

Bartley did not let him finish. "Yes, I know. The dog should have barked. The reason he did not was because the man was no stranger to him."

The doctor spoke once more, "But you have not proved any of these things are so; you are just supposing."

"No," came the answer, "I have not, but let us consider some of the points that have been proved. Slyke tried to telephone several times during the evening and failed to get his party each time."

Roche and Black were astonished. This was the first time they had heard anything about the telephone calls.

When he failed again and again to get the person he wanted," Bartley continued, "he asked central to try and locate him for him. All calls from here go through the Saratoga exchange, and it was very easy to find out whom he wanted. But that is not all. On a magazine found on the table beside the whisky glasses were a number of little circles drawn with a pencil, circles that ran into each other."

"What has that to do with it?" asked Black, voicing his wonder.

"A great deal. Those same circles were on the handle of the knife with which Briffeur was killed. I have also a little piece of paper with similar circles drawn on it, and I know the person who drew them. It has been proved scientifically that if a person is playing with a pencil and begins to make figures unthinkingly on anything, his subconscious mind will trick him into always drawing the same design. I found the circles on the magazine in Slyke's room, on the piece of paper. I know to whom Slyke telephoned, and I know also a person who saw the murderer enter the house to call on Slyke the night he was killed."

We leaned forward breathlessly to catch his words, which came with a cold, cutting edge, as he added crisply, "Now, knowing all this, don't you think that the person that drew the circles, that was telephoned to, that was seen going into Slyke's, has something to explain? Don't you think so, Doctor King?"

There was no answer, and Bartley demanded sternly, "Doctor King, you are not going to deny, are you, that you killed those two men?"

The question was so unexpected that I sat stunned. He was the last man I should have suspected. Currie cried, "My God, John," and fell silent. The doctor's face had gone a dead white, and he sank limply back in his chair. Without raising his eyes, he stammered, scarcely above a whisper, the words drawn from him against his will, "No-o—no—I killed them both."

The next instant he realized what he had said and half rose from his chair, then fell back, clasping his head in his hands. I could not believe my ears. That Bartley should suspect the doctor of the murders seemed incredible enough; but that the doctor himself should almit that it was true was beyond belief. Roche looked first at the doctor, then at Bartley, his eyes bulging with astonishment. Black alone seemed to realize all that the doctor's admission entailed. Currie was still too dazed to understand, for King had been a good friend of his.

Bartley broke the silence with, "We have proved that the doctor is the guilty party. He himself has admitted it. I have suspected him for some time, but when he gave that cry as Slyke's figure appeared, I knew that I was right."

To Be Continued

ARTERY IS SEVERED BY LEAF OF BOOK

William Mendenhall of Akron, O., cut his hand on a leaf of a telephone book and severed an artery when he got up at 2 A. M. to call a physician to his house. He is in critical condition at a local hospital.

FASHIONS BY MARTHA HOLDEN

NELL did not have time to change her middy after the athletic meeting, so she is standing in the doorway watching the college girls on their way to the tea in Room 8.

Two Freshies have been asked to assist [illegible] are waiting self-consciously for the guests to arrive.

College girls should never dress elaborately. Then if every individuality should be more noticeable than her clothes. If she does her hair in a simple coiffure, shampooing it often, keeps her shoes shined and her nails immaculate, she need never worry if her dress is an old one made over, or the plainest sort of a sensible serge.

Some boarding schools are noted for filling the students' heads with frivolous ideas of dress. Girls' mothers who have foolishly supplied them with too many expensive clothes, only pave the way to snobbishness and superficiality.

No. 1542—Ladies' and Misses' Middy Blouse—Cut in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch material with ½ yard 36-inch contrasting and 4¾ yards braid.

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No. 1075—Ladies' Dress—Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1¾ yards 36-inch dark material with 2¼ yards light material.

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No. 1551—Misses' and Girls' Dress—Cut in sizes 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 36-inch material with ½ yard 36-inch contrasting and 3¾ yards binding.

No. 1550—Misses' and Girls' Dress—Cut in sizes 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material with 5¾ yards braid.

No. 1511—Ladies' Dress—Cut in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch material with 2¾ yards binding and 4 yards ribbon for sash.

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of the above designs at the rate of 15 cents for each pattern. These patterns are stylish and perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give number, size, age, etc.

MARTHA HOLDEN BOOKS OF FASHIONS issued quarterly, 10c a copy. Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Nightingale Voice Taught to Canary

After 10 years of experiments, a Bremen bird fancier, has succeeded in producing canaries with a nightingale warble. The cross-breed was attained by using nightingales as "singing masters" for young canaries, and rearing the latter entirely removed from the sound of any other bird note except the warbling of their "instructors."

The breeder's chief difficulty was at first found in the fact that normally nightingales sing only during two months of the year, and his purposes required a longer uninterrupted period of instruction for the canaries. He was finally successful in changing the moulting or non-singing period of certain nightingales so that some sang from May to July, others from June to August, and still others from August to October.

Using these birds he kept newly-hatched canaries continually within hearing of their warbling. Several generations of breeding showed that birds reared from the original students instinctively possessed the nightingale warble, and that "instructors" could be dispensed with for the offspring except for "polishing off" their singing.

DYE SKIRT, COAT DRAPERIES WITH "DIAMOND DYES"

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can dye or tint faded, shabby skirts, dresses, waists, coats, sweaters, stockings, hangings, draperies, everything like new. Use "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—for then perfect home dyeing is guaranteed, even if you have never dyed before. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, spot, fade or run.
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After suffering the tortures of Asthma and Hay Fever for many years, I discovered a harmless remedy that gives instant relief. 40,000 druggists now sell and endorse **Kinsman's Asthma Remedy.** Price 50 cents. A trial treatment and 1000 reliable references (former sufferers) from every State in Union mailed free. Write to
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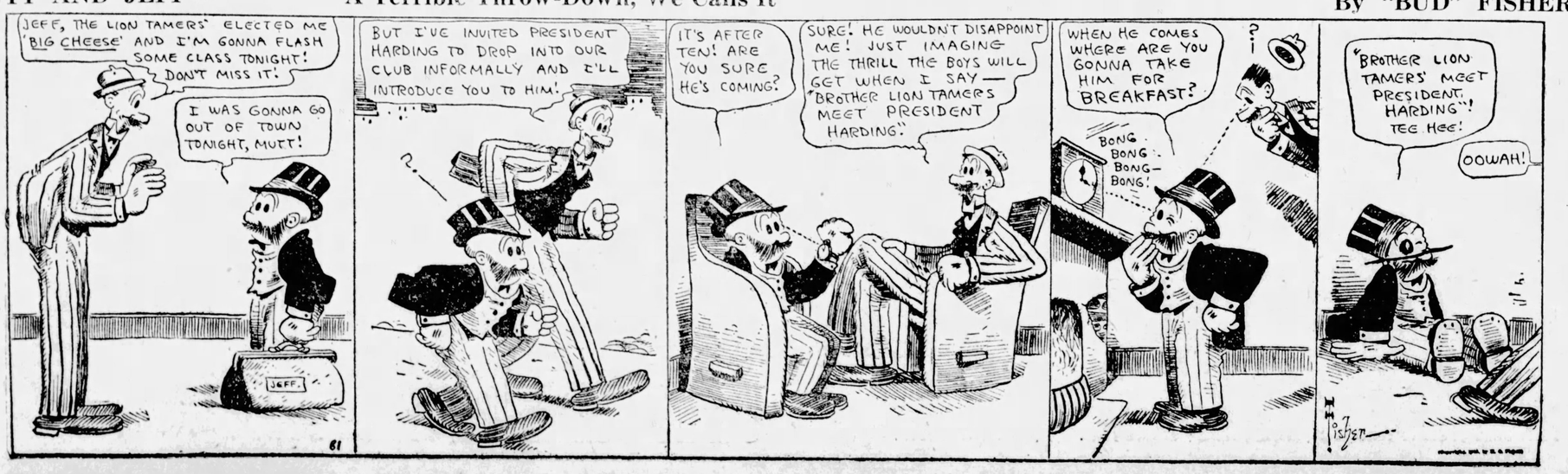
MUTT AND JEFF— A Terrible Throw-Down, We Calls It — By "BUD" FISHER



CUMMINS SEEKS ANTI-STRIKE LAW

After Fight Forecast in Present Short Session of Congress.

...ion threatens to ...t in the session ...nvened last ...

...Cummins of ...e senate inter...ommerce, said ...offer several ... to the Esch-... including a ...prohibit strikes ...

...ke provision was ...riginal Cummins ...years ago, but ...n in the senate ...vote in the house. ...of that measure ...re of the coun...ike of railroad ...trikes the need of ... Notwithstand...week of many ...strongly opposed to ...believes pub...support it.

...t Cummins' plan ...Wisconsin and ...supported by union ...to delay action ...after March 4, ...ext congress ex...ers measure La...attempt to force ...Esch-Cummins act ...elected congress ...he said he also ...ances to this law ...lowing results: ...ds or employes' ...ture to abide by ...road labor board, ...istery consolidation ...into regional groups, ...the principle of the ...railroad employes ...the railroad labor ...move its headquar...Washington.

The Powerful Katrinka

CHINA TO RULE KIACHOW AGAIN

Japan Soon to Quit Area Taken From Germany; Loan Is Barrier.

China again will become "mistress in her own house" at Kiachow, Dec. 22, or possibly Dec. 1, says an announcement by Katsuji Debuchi, head of Japan's Shantung commission.

At that time the former German leasehold, taken over by Japan when the latter expelled the German's during the World war, will be restored to the Peking government. Japan already has selected her consul general, who will represent Tokio in Kiachow when the Japanese civil authorities withdraw.

The detailed agreement for the transfer in conformity with the treaty signed during the Washington conference is almost complete.

SAVE CAPITAL FROM ENEMY

Radio Helps Fliers in Forming Aerial Ambush to Defend Washington.

Washington was "saved" from "enemy" air raiders last week, when a defending squadron of army planes, warned by scouts, took to the air and repelled the invaders in a desperate theoretical encounter. The victory of the defense was complete. The entire fleet of five hostile bombers was "captured" and after surrender of the pilots all hands went to lunch at Bolling field.

The attacking force consisted of five Martin bombers, which left Langley field, Va., and under leaden skies and through showers drove toward Washington intent on "bombing" the white House, treasury, navy yard, war college, the capitol and other important government structures. Word that the enemy was on the way was all that reached the defending forces at Bolling field.

Scouts Take to Air

Three big scouting planes, equipped with radio instruments, shot into air and circled southward groping for contact with the enemy. Low visibility hampered their work but finally the enemy machines were spotted down the Potomac river below Alexandria and the word was flashed by radio to Bolling field while the scouts maneuvered to keep the hostile craft in sight.

Back at the field, three diminutive fighting planes of the type used by the air "aces" overseas shot up, circling their way high into the banked clouds above. They scarcely had disappeared from sight over head before three heavier fighting craft followed them into the lofty ambush that was being laid for the enemy.

The Battle Begins.

The distant grumble of the planes of the enemy bombers gave notice that they were at hand. The five big planes from Langley came on with the target buildings they sought ahead, and began swooping downward to the attack. From the clouds above dropped the six defending planes into the midst of the enemy fight and the battle of Washington was on. The fighters circled and twisted around the enemy machines in every maneuver of battle practice, picking off the bombing planes one at a time until the last of the quintet had been forced to earth theoretically.

The actual landing of all the planes was made at Bolling field, where the umpires ruled that the enemy had been repulsed and captured.

Get Your Deafness Treatment.

Ear Specialist Sproule makes an offer of a Free Sample Treatment in this issue of The Toledo Weekly Blade. These 4-day treatments have proved a happy introduction in many cases to this Method of treating some forms of Deafness at home.

You really ought to see this Method, so send for your Free treatment. Moreover, you can then find out if your case is a suitable one for this Method. Specialist Sproule's Office at 43 Cornhill Building, Boston, has many grateful testimonials from those who have shared its triumphs. Turn to page 8 of this paper and read all about it.

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A Simple, Safe, Inexpensive Method That Clears Out the Head, Nose and Throat.

There is no disease more offensive or disagreeable or no disease that will lead to so much serious trouble as catarrh. You can now get rid of it by a simple, safe, pleasant home remedy discovered by Dr. Blosser, a catarrh specialist.

Dr. Blosser's Remedy is composed of medicinal herbs, flowers and berries, which you smoke in a dainty pipe or cigarette. The smoke-vapor is inhaled into the air passages of the head, nose, throat and lungs and carries medicine where sprays, douches and ointments cannot possibly reach. Its effect is soothing and healing and is entirely harmless. It contains no cubebs or tobacco, and may be used by women and children, as well as men.

If you suffer from catarrh, asthma, catarrhal deafness or if subject to frequent colds, send ten cents (coin or stamps) to The Blosser Co., 607 BD, Atlanta, Ga., and you will receive, by return mail, a trial package containing eight Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes to prove their beneficial and pleasant effect.—Advertisement

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Doctors said my only relief while lifting a trunk was Trusses did not help me. Eugene M. Marcellus avenue, Detroit, cut out this notice and mail to me. Those who are ruptured should at least stop the worry and danger of rupture.

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THE TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

Toledo, Ohio.

The Latest Markets

The sharp decline which featured the course of the stock market in the days immediately after election came to an end, for the time being at least, last week. Subsequently price movements did not indicate any quick recovery, but were choppy and irregular enough to leave the average trade in a fine state of uncertainty as to what was taking place.

The course of bonds further complicated the situation, being strong when stocks were weak and vice-versa. Taken as a whole, bond buying is not as confident as a month ago.

The theory that stocks cannot be pushed up consistently when money rates are high has once more been borne out. The easing of rates toward the end of the week was perhaps the biggest influence in turning prices higher.

Selling by traders preparing for taxation questionnaires already has appeared and will continue for the next few weeks.

Railroad issues are attracting more attention, with so many developments impending. The prospect that the extra session of congress will take a whirl at the Esch-Cummins bill, the proposal now under consideration to combine the big roads of the northwest into two systems, the continued car shortage, urgent orders for equipment, and interest in each monthly earnings statement issued by the big lines, are some of the reasons. One observer calls attention to the fact that the railroads may make further huge purchases of equipment, but in that case it must be reflected in lessened net earnings.

Foreign affairs have improved in some respects. The British election went to the Conservatives, but this was not followed by any decided upturn in British securities. The Bank of France continues to make a good showing, in marked contrast to the statements of the Imperial Bank of Germany, which increased its paper mark circulation 47 billion marks last week, to a point 350 per cent above the low point of the present year.

In this country car loadings for the first week in November, although they showed a seasonal falling off from the previous week, were the best on record for the period. Iron and steel plants again have put their production up to 75 per cent of capacity, about where it was before the coal and railroad strikes cut down production.

Grain

Wheat, cash, $1.37. Corn, cash, 79½c. Oats, cash, 48½c. Barley, cash, 75c. Rye, No. 2, cash, 94c. Cloverseed, cash, $13.10; Dec., $13.20; March, $13.40. Alsike, cash, $10.45; Dec., $10.50; March, $10.90. Timothy, cash, $3.45; Dec., $3.50; March, $3.65.

Chicago—Wheat, Dec., $1.20⅝; May, $1.18⅛. Corn, Dec., 71⅜c; May, 71⅛c. Oats, Dec., 44¼c; May, 43⅝c. Barley, Dec., 68c. Rye, Dec., 90¾c; May, 90⅝c.

Produce

Toledo—Butter—Fancy creamery, 1-lb. prints, 54c; solid pack, 53c; nut margarine, 23@23½c.

Cheese — Fancy brick, 29@30c; Michigan, 29½c; York state, 30c; longhorn, 30½@31c.

Eggs—Storage, 33@36c; candled, 55c; selects, 65c.

Bacon—Fat, 22½c; lean, 32½c; wide, 6 to 8 lbs., 28c; 8 to 10 lbs., 27c; 11 to 12 lbs., 24c; 12 to 15 lbs., 22c. Lard — 15c. Hams — 18½c. Sausage—Fresh pork, 17c; luncheon, 20c.

Live Poultry — Ducks, 20@22c; geese, 20@22c; turkeys, 40@45c; hens, 20@23c; Leghorn broilers, 15@17c; broilers, 18@21c; old roosters and stags, 13@14c.

Hides—No. 1, 11c; No. 2, 10c; bull, 8c; green calf, No. 1, 18c; No. 2, 16½c; kip, 14c; No. 2 kip, 12½c; cured hides, No. 1, 12c; No. 2, 11c; horse hides, $2.50.

Cleveland—Butter, extra in tubs, 55½@56c; prints, 56½@57c; extra firsts, 54½@55c; firsts, 53½@54c; seconds, 47½@48c; packing stock, 28@29c. Eggs — Fresh gathered northern extras, 57c; extra firsts, 56c; Ohio firsts, 54c; western firsts, new cases, 51c; refrigerator extras, 30@32c; firsts, 28@29c. Oleomargarine — Nut oleo, 20c; high grade, made of animal oil, 23@23½c; lower grades, 16@17c. Cheese—York state, 28@29c; brick, 26@27c; fancy Swiss, 30@45c; limburger, 26@28c. Poultry—Live heavy fowls, 22@23c; thin, 15c; roosters, 14@15c; broilers, fat, 21@22c; Leghorns, 15@16c; ducks, 19@23c; geese, 22@25c; turkeys, 45@48c. Rabbits—Illinois, $3.00 a dozen. Sweet Potatoes—Virginia, $1.25@1.50 a barrel; Jersey, $1.10 a hamper; Delaware, 65@75c a hamper. Potatoes—East Shore Virginia Cobblers, new stock, $1.35@2.00 a barrel; Jersey, $1.90 a 150-pound sack; Giants, $1.40 a sack of two bushels.

Chicago—Butter higher; creamery extras, 50c; firsts, 38½@42½c; extra firsts, 46½@49c; seconds, 36½@37½c; standards, 47c. Eggs unchanged; receipts, 4,156 cases; firsts, 50@55c; ordinary firsts, 40@45c; miscellaneous, 45@50c; refrigerator extras, 28c; refrigerator firsts, 25½@26c. Poultry, alive, unsettled; fowls, 13@20c; springs, 18c; roosters, 12c; turkeys, 35c; geese, 19c. Potatoes, slightly stronger; receipts, 70 cars; total U. S. shipments, 662; Wisconsin sacked and bulk round whites, 90c@$1.05 cwt.; Minnesota sacked and bulk round whites, 85@95c cwt.; Minnesota sacked Red River Ohios, 90c@$1.00 cwt.; North Dakota sacked Red River Ohios sacked Early Ohios, 95@$1.00 cwt.; sacked Early Ohios, 94c@$1.00 cwt.; Idaho sacked russets, No. 1, $1.55 cwt.

New York—Butter firm; receipts, 3,428. Eggs, firm; receipts, 6,323; fresh gathered extra firsts, 61@65c; do. firsts, 52@60c; New Jersey hennery whites, uncandled extras, 85@90c; state nearby and nearby western hennery whites, firsts to extras, 88@85c; Pacific Coast whites, extras, 80@85c; do., firsts to extra firsts, 68@78c. Cheese—Firm; receipts, 2,754; state whole milk flats, fresh, average run, 26c.

Live Stock

Cleveland—Hogs—Heavies, $8.15; yorkers, $8.15; pigs, $8.50. Cattle, $10.00. Calves, $11.60 @ 12.50. Lambs, $14.00@14.85.

Pittsburgh—Cattle — Receipts, 1,400; steady; steers, $9.50@10.25; heifers, $7.00@8.00; cows, $5.00@6.00. Hogs—Receipts, 9,000; steady; heavies, $8.20@8.25; heavy yorkers, $8.40@8.50; light yorkers and pigs, $8.60@8.65. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 3,500; steady; top sheep, $8.25; top lambs, $15.10. Calves—Receipts, 14,000; steady, top, $12.50.

East Buffalo—Cattle—Receipts, 4,000; steady except butchers and canners, 15@25c lower; shipping steers, $9.50@10.50; butchers, $8.00@9.25; yearlings, $9.00@10.00; heifers, $6.00@8.50; cows, $2.10@6.00; bulls, $3.00@5.25; stockers and feeders, $6.00@7.50; fresh cows and springers, $30@125. Calves — Receipts, 2,600; 50c lower; $5.00@12.00. Hogs—Receipts, 24,000; 25@35c lower; mixed, $8.25; yorkers, $8.25@8.35; pigs, $8.50; roughs, $6.50@6.75; stags, $4.50@5.00. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 11,000; lambs, 50c higher; yearlings, $1 higher; lambs, $6.00@15.50; yearlings, $6.00@12.00; wethers, $8.00@8.50; ewes, $2.00@7.50; mixed sheep, $7.50@8.00.

East St. Louis—(U. S. Department of Agriculture)—Cattle — Receipts, 500; compared with week ago choice steers steady; good, 25c lower; common and medium, 50 to 70c lower; top for week, $13.00; bulk for week, $7.00@9.00; light yearling steers and heifers, steady to 15c higher; bulk, $5.50@9.00; cows, steady; bulk, $4.00@5.00; canners, 15c higher; bulk, $2.50@2.75; bologna bulls, 25@50c higher; bulk, $4.00@4.50; light vealers, 50 to 75c lower; stocker steers, steady; bulk, $4.00@6.50. Hogs—Receipts, 6,500; slow, about steady; top, $8.25 paid for mixed loads of 170 lbs. and down; top on straight loads of butchers, $8.15; bulk, 130 to 170-pound average, $8.15@8.25; 180-pound and up, $8.05@9.10; bulk pigs, $8.25@8.35; packer sows, $7.00@7.25. Sheep—Receipts, none; compared with week ago about steady on fat lambs; fat ewes and wethers strong to 25c higher; fat lambs quoted late at $14.50; bulk fat lambs for week, $14.00@14.25; culls, $9.00@10.00; late top fat ewes, $7.00@7.25; heavies, $4.00@5.00; aged wethers, $8.40.

Chicago—Receipts, 8,000; market 5@10c lower; bulk 170 to 200-pound averages, $8.00@8.10; good and choice 250 to 280-pound butchers, $8.15@8.20; top, $8.20; packing sows mostly $7.40@7.75; desirable pigs, $8.25@8.50; estimated holdover, 3,000; heavyweight, $8.10@8.20; medium weight, $8.00@8.15; light weight, $8.05@8.20; packing sows, smooth, $7.50@7.85; packing sows, rough, $7.25@7.60; killing pigs, $8.25@8.50. Cattle—Receipts, 3,000; compared with week ago: Strictly good to prime native beef steers, scarce; steady to strong; others unevenly 25@50c lower; extreme top matured steers, $13.60; best yearlings, $13.10; western grassers, better grade beef cows and heifers, stockers and feeders, steady; in-between grades beef cows and lower grade beef heifers mostly 25c lower; canners, cutters and heifers mostly 25c lower; canners, cutters and bulls, 10@15c higher; veal calves largely $1.00 lower; native beef steers, $8.25@10.25; western grassers, $5.75@6.75; stockers and feeders, $5.75@7.00; beef cows and heifers, $4.15@6.75; canners and cutters, $2.75@2.90; veal calves, $9.25@9.75. Sheep—Receipts, 2,000; mostly direct; compared week ago: Fat lambs steady to shade higher; fat yearlings and feeding lambs, steady; sheep, strong to 50c higher; closing top fat lambs, $14.75 to city butchers, $14.65 to packers; bulk, $14.40@14.60; culls, 50c higher, generally $11.00@11.50; desirable fed clipped lambs, $12.80@12.90; best handy fed yearling wethers, $13.25; heavy ewes, $5.50@6.50; light fed western ewes up to $8.00; week's top feeding lambs, $14.35.

Uric Acid?

Try the Williams Treatment 85 Cent Bottle (32 Doses) *FREE*

Just because you start the day worried and tired, stiff legs and arms and muscles, an aching head, burning and bearing down pains in the back—worn out before the day begins—do not think you have to stay in that condition.

Be strong, well, with no stiff joints, sore muscles, rheumatic pains, aching back or kidney trouble caused by body made acids.

If you suffer from bladder weakness with burning, scalding pains, or if you are in and out of bed half a dozen times a night, you will appreciate the rest, comfort and strength this treatment should give.

We want to prove The Williams Treatment gets results in Rheumatism, Kidney irritation, Bladder weakness and all ailments caused by excessive uric acid, no matter how chronic or stubborn.

If you send this notice with your name and address we will give you an 85 cent bottle (32 doses) free. Please send 10 cents to help pay postage, packing, etc., to the Dr. D. A. Williams Co., Dept. Y-1834, P. O. Building, East Hampton, Conn. Send at once and we will mail you by parcel post one regular 85 cent bottle all charges prepaid. Only one free bottle will be sent to the same person, address or family.

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We pay $36 a week and expenses and give a Ford Auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D-49, Parsons, Kan.

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AGENTS—Make a dollar an hour. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 710-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

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SONG WRITERS—Send us your name and address for particulars regarding our extensive service to song writers and composers. Song Writers Service, 4145 Indiana ave., Chicago, Ill.

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Patents—Booklet free. Highest references; best results; promptness assured. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 624 F st., Washington, D. C.

FRUIT TREES

FRUIT TREES GREATLY REDUCED PRICE. Direct to Planters. No agents. Peaches, apples, pears, plums, cherries, grapes, berries, nuts, pecans, mulberries, ornamental trees, vines and shrubs. Free 64-page catalog. Tennessee Nursery Co., Box 122, Cleveland, Tenn.

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FLORIDA—Get unbiased facts, avoid pitfalls. Learn why some succeed, others fail. Florida's great state journal tells facts, answers questions about soils, crops, locations, opportunities. Helps homeseekers and investors. Send 25c for 3 months trial subscription, 12 big, interesting illustrated issues. Florida Grower, Dept. Q, Tampa, Fla.

FARMS WANTED.

FARM WANTED—Send description and price. John J. Black, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

MISCELLANEOUS FARMS FOR SALE

$1000 Gets 235-Acre Farm
9 Cows, Horses, 100 bu. Oats

75 bu. buckwheat, 200 bu. potatoes, 10 bbls. apples, vegetables, hay, full implements, vehicles included to settle quickly. "The best trade I ever made" you would say if you took it now; on improved road, prosperous farmers all around, good markets; stores, schools, churches; 100 acres machine-worked fields, 20-cow pasture, about 500 cords wood, 150,000 ft. timber, comfortable 8-room house, 80-ft. barn, stable, etc. Owner unable operate, $8,700 gets all; only $1,000 needed. Details and photo page 44 Catalog 1200 Selected Farms. Copy free. STROUT FARM AGENCY, 150 S. Nassau St., New York City.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES.

Underground Treasures—How and where to find them; particulars 2c. Dept. F, Model Co., Como Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

TOBACCO

TOBACCO—Select 3-year-old Kentucky Leaf. Pay for tobacco and postage when received. 5 lbs. smoking, $1.25. 5 lbs. chewing, $1.50. FARMERS' UNION, Hawesville, Ky.

SOVIET TELLS JAPAN TO EVACUATE ISLAND

Adolph Joffe, Russian minister to China, delivered a note to Japan demanding evacuation of Saghalien island by the Japanese.

This island lies off the Siberian coast and formerly was occupied in part by the Japanese, but after the Japanese troops seized eastern Siberia the whole island was taken over.

GROWING OF FURS ATTRACTS "FARMERS"

In the production and use of furs the United States leads the world.

Sales for 1920 were about $100,000,000; in 1919 New York city alone did a gross business in domestic furs, counting import, export and handling, of $375,000,000. While demand has depleted our supply of fur-bearing animals, "fur-farming" is increasing, with the rearing of silver-black foxes as its most important branch.

"The check from Buffalo" is adding comforts and new pleasures to thousands of homes

Read how spare time work---right at home---can bring you the extra dollars you need.

A few of the ways in which "the check from Buffalo" is used by Auto Knitter workers—

MANY a wife or self-supporting girl has looked forward, and painfully saved her pin-money for a new dress or hat—until, when she finally obtained her desire, her pleasure in it was all gone.

It had taken too long; cost too much sacrifice. It's the *extra* dollars you get that give you the most pleasure — not the saved ones — for you can spend the *extra* money without feeling that you are "robbing Peter to pay Paul"—going without a needed dress or underwear in order to have shoes or a hat.

And hundreds of women who have skimped and struggled along trying to make a small family income stretch over all the wants and needs of the home have finally found the way to solve their domestic money-problem triumphantly — without pinching every penny!

They have done it without leaving their own homes, too—in spare hours—and without even the neighbors knowing that they were working to add extra dollars to their purses.

These women have gained their splendid freedom from money-worries with the help of "the check from Buffalo."

How They Earn Steady Wages in Spare Hours

The woman with a home and a family to care for, or the business girl with a regular position, cannot go out and "canvass" or get subscriptions for magazines, or do any of the other things that might bring her a little extra money. She must have a money-making occupation that she can work at in spare moments between her household duties, or in her free evening hours.

Here is where "the check from Buffalo" comes in to help—by way of the remarkable little machine called "The Auto Knitter."

When you have an Auto Knitter in your home, and have become proficient in using it, your extra money problem will begin to be solved. This is the way.

The Auto Knitter enables you to make all-wool socks that find a ready sale everywhere. You make these socks, following standard directions furnished with your machine, but you do not have to sell them yourself unless you wish. Not at all!

You can simply send the finished socks to us in Buffalo, in large or small shipments, as you find convenient. By return mail you receive your "check from Buffalo," in payment of your wages for making the socks, at a fixed rate per dozen pairs, and also the same weight of new yarn that you used in knitting the hosiery sent to us. The yarn remains your property and is constantly replaced.

Not a Promise But a Contract

To every owner of an Auto Knitter we give a signed "Work Contract" which obligates us to carry out our part of the agreement for a period of 5 years. Some Auto Knitter workers have been sending us their entire output for several years.

But on the other hand you are not bound by the terms of the Work Contract to send socks to us at all, unless you wish. You may dispose of them to private trade—but the company is bound to accept and pay for all the standard socks you do send them—whether the amount be large or small.

We Are Paying Over $100,000 in Wages This Year

Auto Knitting is a proven way of making money in spare time at home. Auto Knitter workers will send us this year over a million pairs of all wool socks, for which we will pay them under the terms of our Work Contract over $100,000—besides replacing pound for pound the yarn used in the socks sent to us. This does not include those workers who prefer to dispose of their work direct to the local trade.

Auto Knitter Workers are being paid at the rate of $120,000 a year. This picture shows some of the bundles of "checks from Buffalo" that were cashed by them during the past year.

The socks sent us by Auto Knitter workers are nationally advertised and sold by over 9,000 dealers under the trade name, "Olde Tyme All Wool Socks." The socks being sent us by Auto Knitter owners this year, and paid for under the Work Contract, would make 74 piles, each as high as the 792-foot Woolworth Building! These facts will give you some idea of the extent of this industry.

A Wonderful Work Record Less Than 5% Rejections

The Auto Knitter is for workers—for those who are serious in their desire to make money in their spare hours. The Olde Tyme Wool Socks that are sent to us under the Work Contract come from everywhere, both from old friends of long standing and from those who have just recently taken up the work. Here are socks from novices, as well as the experienced, socks from careless as well as painstaking—

And yet, out of the huge total sent in to us, less than 5% have to be laid aside and returned to the worker as not being up to the standard set for Olde Tyme All Wool Socks.

We believe it to be a great tribute to the general all-around efficiency of the Auto Knitter and the Auto Knitter Worker, that the reflections on this home work, performed in thousands of different homes, are so small as to be almost negligible. If these folks learned from the instruction book to make socks that average less than 5% rejections, can you not do so, too?

The Auto Knitter will answer every demand made upon it for speed and reliability, and your earnings will be in proportion to the time you devote and the degree of proficiency attained through practice.

How You Can Make Money at Home

Clearly and briefly, here is our proposition: The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company enters into an agreement to pay for all of the standard socks you knit on the Auto Knitter and send in to them, paying a fixed, guaranteed price. Checks will be sent you promptly for each lot, large or small. Replacement yarn is also sent you pound for pound for that used in the socks you send to us. Previous experience in hand-knitting is not necessary, as full directions for operating the machine are contained in the instruction book sent with every Auto Knitter. Decide what it is you want the Auto Knitter to do for you. Earn enough each month for extra clothes! How much do you want to earn?—what is the sum? In any case you will find the Auto Knitter the most flexible money-maker, ready to help you earn $1 a week if that is all you want, or much more if you will give it the time and effort.

Find Out How You May Receive 'Checks From Buffalo'

If you are seeking some way to turn spare moments into money then we would like to send you all the facts about the Auto Knitter. We want you to know all about the Auto Knitter. We want you to know all about this new, pleasant occupation that can be conducted in your own home as a means of earning dollars in spare hours. You do not place yourself under the slightest obligation by signing and mailing the coupon—or write a letter if you prefer. The full details which we send to you are absolutely free.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc.
Dept. 8511-A
630-638 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc.,
Dept. 8511-A, 630-638 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

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City ..... State .....

Toledo Weekly Blade 11-25-22.

M'ADOO LIKELY 1924 CANDIDATE OF DEMOCRATS

Former Wilson Cabinet Member Appears Now to Be Probable Nominee of 1920 Losers.

The great 1924 presidential handicap is now on. The 1922 elimination heat is over and the big event has started.

President Harding, running on the G. O. P. track, is practically unopposed for the renomination prize, while William G. McAdoo is well in the lead for the Democratic honors.

Among the Republican victims of the elimination contest are Governor Nathan L. Miller of New York and former Senator Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana.

Senator Atlee Pomerene of Ohio, Gilbert M. Hitchcock of Nebraska and former Governor James M. Cox, 1920 presidential nominee, are the casualties on the Democratic side.

A good bet now is that Harding and McAdoo will oppose each other when it comes to the home stretch.

The 1922 election changed the whole aspect of the 1924 race. It was taken for granted, before the election, that President Harding would be renominated but that did not prevent Governor Miller and former Senator Beveridge from encouraging pretty little presidential boomlets of their own.

Miller Boom Had Start.

The Miller boomlet was quite a husky thing. Following his triumphant renomination for governor of the Empire state last September, Miller was hailed by his New York admirers as "the next president of the United States." Far from repulsing the idea he nursed and coddled it. Current reports say he did not once mention the President during his campaign.

Along came the election with its half million majority for former Governor "Al" Smith and the Miller boomlet died "a'bornin'."

The same fate overtook the tender little Beveridge boom. From the day of his primary triumph over Senator Harry New last May the Beveridge presidential talk had flourished. The "grand young man of Indiana" always had cherished a White House dream and such talk was like music to his ears.

But along came former Governor Samuel M. Ralston and walloped him at the polls by a majority of more than 35,000.

Miller and Beveridge were thus cruelly killed off as 1924 G. O. P. presidential prospect, but Hiram Johnson and "Battling Bob" LaFollette survived. In fact these so-called "progressive-radicals" were re-elected to the senate by such tremendous majorities that already their respective supporters are hailing them "sure things" two years hence.

"Hi" and "Bob" Know Defeat.

But "Hi" and "Bob" have sought the presidency before and hardly got within gun-shot of it. Two years ago the California senator swept through the presidential primaries with a mighty rush and went to the Chicago convention with terrible thunderings. Four days later Warren G. Harding walked off quietly with the coveted nomination.

LaFollette's presidential boom started 12 years or so ago. It thrived for a time but Theodore Roosevelt came along and purloined all his progressive ideas and, heading the Bull Moose, split against Taft in 1912 and shoved the Wisconsin man rudely into the background.

So "Hi" and "Bob" are both tainted with defeat and their presidential glamor somewhat tarnished. Moreover each is jealous of the other and will serve to kill each other off. Harding has little to worry about in either one.

Coming back to the Democrats, though McAdoo has a long lead there are powerful elements in the party opposed to him and there may be a chance for one of three Democratic victors in the late election struggle—"Smiling Al" Smith, governor-elect of New York; Samuel M. Ralston, senator-elect from Indiana, and Governor Edward I. Edwards, senator-elect from New Jersey.

Smith Boom Underway.

Already the rejuvenated wets have started a Smith-for-president boom but if, as generally supposed, Smith's religious affiliations make him unavailable, they have Edwards to fall back on.

The wets prefer Smith, paradoxically, because he is not so wet as Edwards. The latter's chief and almost only political asset is popularly understood to be his sopping wetness. Smith, on the other hand, is regarded as a capable administrator and has numerous other qualities attractive to the voter.

As for Ralston, he is dry but not too dry. For four years he was governor of Indiana and made a creditable record. What's more important, he is strong with the farmers and organized labor. Indiana is one of the so-called doubtful or pivotal states and, should McAdoo fizzle, it is not at all unlikely that the Democrats would go there for their candidate.

"Well Done Thou Good and Faithful Servant!"

WEEK IN SPORT

The triple tie for the Western Conference championship took a firmer hold on the percentages as Chicago, Iowa and Michigan, the three leaders, emerged victorious from last Saturday's games.

Chicago defeated Illinois, 9 to 0; Michigan won from Wisconsin, 13 to 6, and Iowa defeated Ohio States 12 to 9. Northwestern, the only other conference team in action, downed Monmouth, 58 to 14.

Of the three leaders, Chicago seemed to have the hardest row to hoe and Iowa the easiest. The Maroons must defeat Wisconsin, while Iowa will face Northwestern, one of the weaker teams in the conference. Michigan will play Minnesota. Next Saturday, the closing day of the season, will see every team in action against a conference opponent, as Ohio State will meet Illinois and Purdue opposes Indiana.

An unconquered Princeton eleven holds a niche in Old Nassau's hall of fame such as few of its predecessors have gained—standing out as undisputed champion of the "Big Three" and also as a strong claimant for eastern titular laurels.

Fresh from a hard fought victory over Harvard, 10 to 3, the Tigers last Saturday capped the climax of their brilliant 1922 season by beating Yale, 3 to 0, thus accomplishing the downfall of its two great rivals in succession for the first time since the spectacular Sam White crushed both the blue and crimson single-handed in 1911.

"On to Urbana" is the campus slogan at Ohio State university, following the Iowa game, final football fracas of the home season in Ohio stadium. The Buckeyes wind up their 1922 schedule on the road, invading Urbana next Saturday for the annual half-raiser with Illinois.

Harvard went down to defeat, 3 to 0, at the hands of Brown, in the most startling of three major upsets in the eastern football dope. Without Buell, Owen and Chapin, backfield stars, the crimson was out-rushed by the Brunonians, but threw away a golden chance for victory in the second period by being penalized 15 yards for holding on a play which had carried the pigskin across Brown's goal line. Harvard appeared disheartened after this break while Brown braced, kept its own goal line out of danger for the rest of the game and tallied the winning points from the field in the last quarter.

PILOTLESS AIRPLANE FLIES NINETY MILES

The pilotless army airplane, equipped with an automatic control device, said to be more accurate and dependable than any human pilot, has been developed to a point where it has made successful flights of more than 90 miles, it was announced last week by the army air service.

The announcement declared that the results, produced after a long series of experiments, constituted the "most important post-war development of the many novel ideas of new engines of war." It was added that the experiments had shown it to be possible to "shoot" bomb-laden planes, without pilots, at targets on or off the ground with astounding accuracy.

"In actual work with these automatic pilots," the announcement said, "hundreds of automatic take-offs, and a number of automatic flights of 90 miles and more have been made. This 'pilot' is capable of being mounted in any type of plane, and in bumpy weather will hold a plane much steadier than a human pilot, also will carry it an absolutely true course, regardless of fog or adverse weather conditions."

In the long series of tests just concluded, the machine used was one of the small types, having a span of only 20 feet, a 60 horsepower motor, capable of carrying a load of 250 pounds, and equipped with an automatic pilot, that takes it off the ground, levels off at any predetermined height, and will rise to unusual heights. Except for natural deviations of flight, due to unfavorable air currents, the control machinery holds fast to its course for the limit of its gas supply, which in the equipment of the experimental aircraft, makes possible a sustained flight of two and one-half hours.

Air service officials characterized the invention as "the dream of engineers and inventors the world over ever since the solution of heavier-than-air flight, which has been positively accomplished in this country."

It was said the invention would lead to new methods of bombing, one official declaring it would be entirely practical to load the craft with explosives that would discharge upon contact with great destructive effect against any target on land or water.

Other military usages, it was predicted, would be discovered as the experiments continued, and the experience in the new field of flying became broadened.

VIENNA ASKS RETURN OF NAPOLEON RELICS

In 1914 the municipality of Vienna sent to the Lyons fair a priceless exhibit of relics of the Franco-Austrian period of Napoleon's time. They included many mementoes of the French emperor and of Mary Louise, and other articles of great historic interest.

The war came and the collection is still in France. Recently the mayor of Vienna petitioned the French minister to restore it to the city. It is understood these articles are now in the hands of the French liquidator of alien enemy properties.

Never a Blue Rose

Roses of almost every hue were displayed at the National Rose society's Summer show in the Botanic gardens, London, but there was nothing approaching a shade of blue. The blue rose often has been sought but never has been realized. This is in accordance with what one writer describes as a fixed principle in botany, that blossoms showing two of the primary colors will not enlarge into a third. As there are red and yellow roses there never will be a blue one.

PRODUCTION OF WHEAT WANES

Per Capita Consumption of This Grain Increases, While Per Capita Production Decreases.

An outstanding fact facing the American wheat farmer, says the annual year book of the department of agriculture, is that while the per capita consumption of wheat in this country has steadily increased there has been a gradual decrease in per capita production. This tendency probably will continue, it is added, at least until the United States reaches the point where it consumes practically all of the wheat it produces.

The economic situation of the wheat crop, production and marketing, from seeding to international trade, is presented in the year book. The discussion is the result of combined research and study by a number of the nation's leading agronomists and agricultural economists connected with the department.

It is shown that nearly a third of the farmers in the United States grow wheat. Only corn and hay exceed this bread crop in acreage occupied and normally only these two crops and cotton exceed wheat in value. The wheat crop as a whole has much to do with the prosperity of the nation, says the year book, because the grain enters into foreign trade to a greater extent than any other crop except cotton.

The country has exported a surplus of wheat in every year of its history except 1836, besides keeping pace with an ever-increasing demand at home. During the past 20 years, however, the year book states, the volume of export has decreased except under artificial stimulation of the recent war.

Because of improvements in milling processes which make bread more attractive, increasing prosperity, and the increasing proportion of the population in the cities, the per capita consumption of wheat has increased in the United States for the past 80 years.

City dwellers eat more bread, per capita, than country residents, because of the lack of gardens in cities, the comparative cheapness of bread and because no home cooking is necessary. The fact that the trend of population is toward cities should have much bearing on the future consumption of bread, it is stated.

Before 1850 the per capita consumption of wheat in this country was 3.8 bushels; from 1875 to 1884 it was 4.9 bushels; and from 1895 to 1914, 5.6 bushels. The rising trend was interrupted by the World war, but department officials believe it has been resumed.

If the nation is to increase its bread ration to any great extent it must grow more wheat or import it, the department says.

CONGRESS LIST SHOWS CHANGES

House Clerk Makes Outline of Lineup; Foreign-Born Man, Indian Seated.

William Tyler Page, clerk of the house of representatives, has compiled a list of the members of the next congress—the Sixty-eighth. This list is as near official as can be had now.

Of the 435 members elect, the Republicans have 225 and the Democrats 207. There is one Independent and one Farm-Labor and one Socialist.

There are 122 members-elect who are not members of the present congress; 75 Democrats take the place of 75 Republicans; 18 Democrats-elect were members of the former congress; 23 Republicans succeeded members of their own party. Of the members-elect 104 are new members. There will be one Socialist, Victor Berger of Wisconsin, who succeeded W. H. Stafford, long time member from Milwaukee. Meyer London of New York City was defeated by Samuel Dickstein, Democrat. Andrew J. Volstead, Republican, was defeated by Rev. O. J. Kavle, who is classed as an Independent. Halor Steenerson, Republican who was representative of the Ninth Minnesota district for about 20 years was defeated by a foreign born man named Knud Wefald who made his campaign as Farm-Labor candidate. Miss Alice M. Robertson, Oklahoma, the only woman member of the present congress, is succeeded by a half Indian named William M. Hastings, Democrat.

ULSTER DEMANDS RULE BY BRITISH

Citizens Say District Will Remain Part of Empire of Great Britain.

The "Ulster association for peace with honor," composed for the most part of prominent tradesmen, has issued an appeal to the voters of England in which it is declared that "Ulster intends to remain part and parcel of the British empire."

"To fail to appreciate Ulster's position now may be fraught with grave danger, not only to Ulster but to the empire of which she is an integral part," the statement said.

The appeal points out that Ulster, having been given a parliament of her own, wants to be left alone to carry on the work entrusted to her by the imperial parliament without any difficulty being placed in the way.

"Ulster stands today, as she always has done, for the empire and the flag," the appeal said. "Her loyal citizens appeal to the electors of England, Scotland and Wales, who share with them the same ideals of patriotism and loyalty and who are proud of their British citizenship, to see that the unity of the empire for which they both stand is not forgotten when the time comes for them to cast their votes."

Tons of Tobacco, but Not a Smoke

The freighter Sagaporack arrived in Boston recently with 400 tons of Turkish tobacco aboard but not a cigaret on the ship. Members of the crew, who had been without smokes for a week, sent out a messenger for a hurried supply.

The steamer's stock of cigarets was confiscated at Constanza because of the failure of the steward to declare them to customs authorities before the steamer sailed.

FAMOUS REBEL GENERAL DIES

Luke Wright, Diplomat and Leader, Succumbs to Injuries in Fall.

General Luke E. Wright, secretary of war in the cabinet of President Roosevelt, governor-general of the Philippines for several years and former ambassador to Japan, died in his home in Memphis, Tenn., on Nov. 17.

General Wright's death came after several months of illness. Some time ago a fall caused partial paralysis, and since he gradually had grown weaker. For the week preceding his death he was unconscious much of the time. His wife, who was the daughter of Admiral Raphael Semmes of the Confederate navy, his son Semmes and his two daughters, Mrs. John H. Watkins and Mrs. H. H. Palmer of New York, were with him when he died.

General Wright was a Confederate veteran, first a member of the Fifty-fourth Tennessee infantry and later with an artillery unit known as Wright's battery, in which he served as a commissioned officer until the war ended. General Wright was 76 years old. In politics he was a Democrat and was first appointed to federal office by President McKinley, who named him a member of the Philippine commission in 1900. He later served as vice-governor and governor-general of the islands. He resigned from the Philippine post in 1906 to accept an appointment by President Roosevelt as ambassador to Japan. After a year in Tokio, during which he was called upon to act on the California protest against the "open door" and other important diplomatic situations, General Wright returned to the United States to accept the post of secretary of war in Roosevelt's cabinet, resigning from this office in 1909. He returned to Memphis and resumed his law practice. General Wright was born in Tennessee Aug. 29, 1846, and was the son of Judge Archibald Wright, for many years chief justice of the Tennessee supreme court. He was a graduate of law at the University of Mississippi. Prior to his appointment to federal office General Wright served as attorney general of Tennessee.

Moonshine Hidden in Bread Loaves

Officer Howard Moody of Akron, O., rolled his eyes about the crowd at a market-house jam.

He saw two huge loaves of bread sticking over the end of Frank Caralea's provision basket. They were uncovered, and Moody lifted one out. It was heavy, but the other was heavier. Also, the crust was broken on the second. Moody thrust his finger through the fracture and felt something strange in a loaf of bread. It was a pint of moonshine.

Caralea affected great surprise, but he paid a fine anyway, when he appeared before the police judge.

PLAN FOR CURBING AUTO EVIL PUSHED

Attorney General Price has directed letters to attorneys of Ohio's 10 largest cities, asking for suggestions for legislation to meet so far as possible the "evils of automobile traffic."

The sending of the letters was said to be the first step in an attempt to standardize traffic laws of Ohio cities suggested by Governor Davis several days ago.

"It has been suggested" the letter said, "that a uniform code be adopted which, if not specifically applicable to all of the cities, would at least furnish the ground work for their action and activity along the lines desired."

EAT VEGETABLES IF KIDNEYS HURT YOU

Take a glass of Salts if your Back hurts or Bladder bothers.

The American men and women must guard constantly against Kidney trouble, because we eat often too much red meat and all our food is rich. Our blood is filled with uric acid which the kidneys strive to filter out; they weaken from overwork, become sluggish, the eliminative tissues clog and the result is kidney trouble, bladder weakness and a general decline in health.

When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead; your back hurts or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night; if you suffer with sick headache, or dizzy, nervous spells, acid stomach, or if you have rheumatism when the weather is bad, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys; to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus often ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, makes a delightful effervescent lithia water beverage and belongs in every home, because nobody can make a mistake by having a good kidney flushing any time.

—Advertisement.

TINO RENOUNCES GREEK POLITICS

Deposed King Will Live in Seclusion, Writing and Raising Olives.

Constantine, former king of Greece, and an exile from his native land, has retired from active politics and never again will seek to return to the Hellenic throne, no matter how loudly the people may call for him, he revealed in the first interview he has given out since his abdication.

Asked if he would return to Athens to stand trial before a revolutionary tribunal on the charge of being responsible for the Greek military collapse in Asia Minor, Constantine replied:

Retirement Is Complete.

"It is all nonsense about my returning to Athens. I am not going back to stand trial. It is equal nonsense about my going to Doorn to live near my brother-in-law, the former German kaiser. I am in complete retirement. Never again will I become involved in politics. I have no plan for the future except to lead a quiet, isolated life. I will remain at Villa Igea in Palermo for the time being."

If the monarchists in Greece are active in behalf of "Tino," as Constantine frequently is called, the former king knows nothing of it. He will have nothing to do with Greek affairs; will not even discuss them. There are no couriers from Athens visiting him. Occasionally a personal friend drops in but not to talk politics. That subject is barred.

"Tino" said he probably would remain in Sicily all Winter and in the Spring buy a small villa upon the Italian Riviera where he will spend his declining years reading, writing and growing a few olives.

"Those fellows certainly have grown egotistical," declared Constantine sarcastically, when asked for an opinion as to the victorious Turks. "They have what you Americans call the 'swelled head.' I wonder what the English think about this mess?

Sounds U. S. Interest.

"Europe does not seem to be able to adjust itself since the great war. America could help but there arises the question: 'Is America no longer interested in Europe nor what happens to the treaties that were framed after the war? Is America no longer interested in Christianity?' America, it must be remembered, helped to frame some of those treaties that were framed after the war."

In conclusion Constantine said with great earnestness: "I want to live in seclusion. I do not want to be disturbed. I have broken my rule in giving this interview. It is my last. Please announce that I will not receive any more journalists. It is my desire to keep out of the limelight."

Constantine's brother, Prince Christopher, is married to Mrs. William Leeds, widow of the American tinplate king. It was reported for a time that Constantine and wife—a sister of the former German kaiser—would go to New York to live in Mrs. Leeds' New York residence. Constantine laughed when told of this report and dismissed it with a shrug.

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Mellon Continues Bonus Opposition

The views of Andrew W. Mellon, secretary of the treasury and arch opponent of the soldiers' bonus, have not changed on the question of bonus victories in the election, he said at the treasury.

The treasury department and the administration, Mellon indicated, will be as staunchly opposed to the bonus in the next congress as it was in the last.

SULPHUR SOOTHES UGLY, ITCHING SKIN

The First Application Makes Skin Cool and Comfortable.

If you are suffering from eczema or some other torturing, embarrassing skin trouble you may quickly be rid of it by using Mentho-Sulphur, declares a noted skin specialist.

This sulphur preparation, because of its germ destroying properties, seldom fails to quickly subdue itching, even of fiery eczema. The first application makes the skin cool and comfortable. Rash and blotches are healed right up. Rowles Mentho-Sulphur is applied like any pleasant cold cream and is perfectly harmless. You can obtain a small jar from any good druggist—Advertisement.

Lack of Appetite

When Due to Indigestion, Acid, Sour, Bloated Stomach, Is Restored by a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet After Meals.

When there is indigestion and the stomach does not seem to relish food it is a great mistake to starve or to use stimulants to force appetite. The best way is to woo the stomach back to health by giving it the help it needs, the alkaline effect that arrests acidity, prevents gassiness, belching, sour risings, flatulence, pressure that seems to crowd the heart and such distresses due to indigestion. Chew one or two of the large, white tablets after eating, no water needed, and the stomach settles down to restful digestion, you feel eased and comfortable and you get the good of food. You now tackle pie, cheese, pickles, sausage or anything you like without fear as you have the means to prevent the distresses arising from indigestion. Get a 60 cent box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets today of any druggist. —Advertisement.

16799 DIED

In New York City alone from kidney trouble last year. Don't allow yourself to become a victim by neglecting pains and aches. Guard against trouble by taking

LATHROP'S GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles. Holland's national remedy since 1696. All druggists, three sizes. Guaranteed. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

Beauty Secrets for Women

Retain Your Good Looks

Beauty is a precious thing, because it is so fragile. It stays where it is well treated; neglect it, and it steals away. If you would remain young and beautiful you must obey the simple laws of health, and take "Favorite Prescription." Some women pay large sums to so-called "Beauty Doctors" in the belief that money will buy youth. Others wear girlish dresses, thinking they can fool the world about their age. But no one is deceived. The more you try to hide your age, the more it shows.

There is but one thing that holds old age back, and that is health. Sickness and weakness bring old age early in life. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a building-up medicine for women. It makes them healthy and strong when they suffer from women's troubles. It keeps them looking young by keeping them well. It is a woman's tonic for the frail, the delicate and those who are nervous, dizzy and who have backache and dragging down pains. This Favorite Prescription of Dr. Pierce's is altogether vegetable and without a particle of alcohol. It is safe to take. Try it now. In tablet or liquid form at all druggists, or send 10c for trial package of the tablets to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y.

DEAFNESS

4-DAY Treatments FREE

If your ears bother you ever so slightly—if you have deaf spells when you get cold—or if you have have been gradually getting deaf over a period of years, you should give yourself immediate attention.

Deafness is on the increase, but fortunately people are realizing that taken in time, it can be happily relieved in a large number of cases.

People who are growing deaf seem to be sensitive and to withdraw from life. They shut themselves off from the very knowledge that folks are being benefited by new of treatment.

Ear Specialist Sproule of Sproule Building, Boston, has studied out a Method of treatment which restores normal hearing to many deaf people.

A man from Connecticut writes: "I am glad to write to those suffering as I was going and by now they should have been putting my hand up to their ear and saying: 'What do you say?' Now the Lord with your good help, I hear the autos' horns when out on the road as good as ever and hear them when as far as they come up the road."

To show his Method to all who are deaf Ear Specialist Sproule offers a 4-day treatment Free.

Given Away

These introductory treatments are offered Free. If you want one write today. You may try for yourself this Method that has restored hearing to many deaf persons and see why it has succeeded where some others failed.

Specialist Sproule wants to help every deaf people he can. He knows what it is to be shut out from the world of friends, to be forced to change one's profession, if not to become dependent upon others. He therefore offers a treatment Free to all who write at once. Through this liberal offer many sufferers in place of the grading of the sense of hearing, now hear clearly and distinctly.

Just sit down and write a postal or letter request asking for Sproule's Treatment—Free for Deafness. Sign your name and address and send it to Sproule.

The treatment will come to you by return mail, and will cost you nothing to try today—send Now. Write

EAR SPECIALIST SPROULE
43 Cornhill Building, Boston, Mass.

CANNON-TOTING AIRPLANE MA

French Machine Carries "75," Says Report to Vice-Consul.

Completion of a giant [illegible] carrying airplane for night bombardment, said to be the first plane constructed for artillery material, was reported to the commercial department by Vice Consul Hugh D. Finley at Havre, France.

The machine is equipped with a 75-millimeter gun, one of the famous World war fame, at the Chalons-sur-Saone works for the French airplane industry.

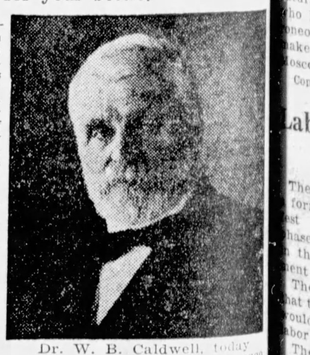
The plane is made entirely of [illegible] and is propelled by four motors of 400 horsepower each. It is six meters high, with a fuselage 20 meters in length, has a wing spread of 36 meters and weighs 10 metric tons when equipped. The plans call for a speed of 150 kilometers an hour. The machine is to be put through a series of tests by the engineers of the aeronautical industry.

Corns Vanish When Touched With 'Gets-It'

As a sponge absorbs water, so does "Gets-It" absorb and draw out corns, tender corn, big or little, all pain and soreness. It never fails. "Gets-It" is the original corn and callus peeler. Beware of substitutes. Ask for it by name and refuse substitutes. Money back if not satisfied, but 35c—everywhere. E. Lawrence & Co., Mfr., Chicago, Ill.

$10,000 Worth of Syrup Pepsin Free

I will give away this amount of money in my own medicine—There is a free trial bottle waiting for every family that has a sufferer from constipation—Send today for your bottle.



Dr. W. B. Caldwell, today
Born Shelbyville, Mo. March 27, 1839

TO commemorate my 84th birthday I have set aside $10,000 in cash to be expended entirely on free trial bottles of my Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which as people know has been successfully used for over 30 years and is today the largest selling family laxative in the world. In spite of that fact there must be literally thousands of families who have never tried it, and these are the ones I hope to reach with my $10,000 offer.

I want to prove to them that my Syrup Pepsin is a better-acting, safer, finer laxative than any other they can obtain. But I don't want them to be at any expense in trying it, and hence I offer a test bottle free. Later on, when thoroughly convinced of its unusual merits they can buy a bottle of their druggist. Over 10 million bottles of Syrup Pepsin are now sold every year in drug stores, yet my company will not profit one cent when you buy your first bottle. It costs us more to sell the first one than we get for it. Our profit comes only when a family keeps it regularly in the house, as I expect yours will when you are once convinced.

Many unthinking parents are giving children strong cathartics; old people are taking salt waters and powders that make them dry and thirsty and which have to be repeated every day; women are using artificial coal-tar drugs in candy form that cause skin eruptions. Don't do it! See that only a plain vegetable laxative is used, not a druggy physic. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a vegetable compound of Egyptian senna and pepsin with pleasant-tasting aromatics. Just that! The formula is on the package.

I want you to have a free trial bottle of Syrup Pepsin in your home. I want you to share in my $10,000 offer. Yet I know if you delay answering you will be disappointed. Ask me now for the free trial bottle if anyone in your family has constipation, biliousness, flatulency, wind or gas on the stomach, sour stomach, headache, loss of appetite and sleep, indigestion, intestinal poisoning, dyspepsia. Syrup Pepsin is intended for just such conditions. Watch it break up a fever or a cold!

Let me send you a trial bottle to prove these facts. My saying so won't prove it half as well as your trying it. Be one of the thousands who will use Syrup Pepsin free because of my 84th birthday. Send the coupon or your address in any way most convenient to you. But do it quickly.

Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 423 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois

In commemoration of your 84th birthday, and as my family has never used your Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, send me a free trial bottle to the address below:

Name.....

St. or R. F. D......

Town & State.....

ONLY ONE FREE TRIAL BOTTLE TO A FAMILY.